

The Outlook

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August 23, 1902

No. 17

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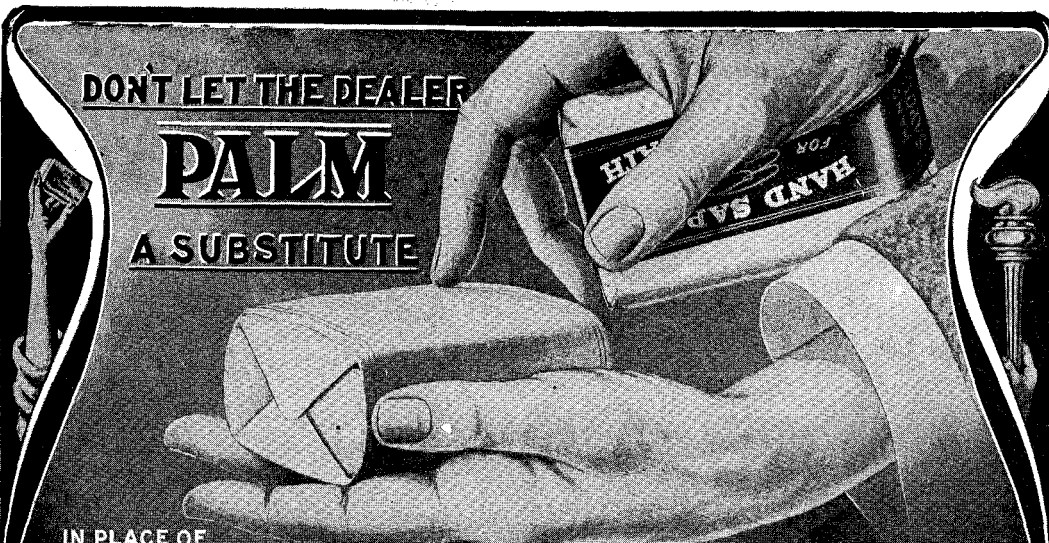
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The Miners' Strike Reports from the mining regions last week showed an increase in distress among the strikers, but no sign of yielding. Apparently the "sympathetic assessment" substituted for a "sympathetic strike" among the soft-coal miners has yielded a smaller return than was expected—labor unions, like governments, finding it harder to make small material sacrifices when at peace than to make great ones when at war. Despite the obvious shortage of relief funds, however, the union leaders profess greater confidence than ever in their ability to hold out until the operators recognize their union and consent to "collective bargaining." In this confidence they are supported by the marked increase in public irritation caused by the prolongation of the strike. The editor of the "Coal Trade Journal," who at the outset of the strike allayed the public fears regarding an immediate shortage of hard coal, now declares that the supply is practically exhausted. The price of anthracite has risen to nine dollars a ton in this city, or nearly double the usual price, and householders throughout the East are alarmed about their prospects for the winter. As a consequence, journals like the New York "Times" and the New York "Evening Post," which usually take the side of the employers in labor conflicts, are strongly condemning the coal companies for their "doctrinaire" refusal to treat with the union to which their employees nearly all belong. Unfortunately for the coal-miners, they too have been alienating public sympathy by their conduct in the mining regions. Last week there was one serious conflict between a mob of strikers and the coal and iron police guarding a washery which was being operated by non-union men, and one or two persons were killed. For this conflict each side laid the blame upon the other, but

there have been minor acts of violence for which the strikers were solely responsible. We have received from Wilkesbarre authoritative confirmation of an almost incredible report that a mob of strikers had assaulted a physician for the crime of attempting to dress the wounds of another of its victims—whose offense, in turn, had been his accepting as boarders a group of strike-breakers. The physician in question—for whose reliability our correspondent vouches—states that he was seized by the mob, had his clothes torn, and was roughly handled generally. The man whom he attempted to relieve had been brutally beaten. Such outrages as these, no matter how much they may be frowned upon officially by the strikers' organization, must and should turn public sentiment against it. An organization that claims rights must perform duties, and it is the duty of the union to prevent such outlaws on the part of its members.



Two Quickly Settled Labor Disputes While the miners' strike goes on in its fourth month, two threatening conflicts in Eastern cities have been quickly settled, which would to-day be causing vast public inconvenience if the companies involved had refused to recognize the right of their employees to make collective bargains. One of the companies was the Manhattan Elevated Railway of this city, which has recently substituted electricity for steam and found itself met by a demand from its old engineers now employed as motormen that they should have a nine-hour day, and the customary pay of engineers instead of the customary pay of motormen. Upon the question of hours public sympathy was naturally with the men, as a nine hour day is thought to be long enough for

motormen's work; but on the question of wages the company showed that it was already paying its men much more than the motormen who do far harder work on the surface roads are accustomed to receive. In the event of a strike the company could doubtless in a few days, or at most weeks, have replaced all the strikers with men glad to accept the rejected wages, but in view of the prospective losses during the strike and the probability that reasonable wage adjustments could be gradually introduced, the officers of the Manhattan Company conferred with the officers of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and together they reached an agreement which permits the public service to go on. The other labor conflict quickly settled was on the New Haven street-car lines, on which the employees struck on account of the discharge of fellow-workmen for aiding in the formation of a union. "Within a few days," a New Haven correspondent writes us, "nearly two dozen men, some of whom were among the oldest and most popular servants of the road, were dismissed 'for the benefit of the service.' It was noticed, however, that they were men who had in quiet ways favored the organization of a union. Each morning some half-dozen were dropped, until the employees in a body took the bull by the horns, and organized themselves into a union. Their first demands were for the reinstatement of their unfortunate comrades and their right to treat with the company collectively. It was the refusal of the company to consider these demands that precipitated the strike. Public sympathy came promptly and overwhelmingly to the support of the strikers. Mass-meetings of merchants, of business men, and of citizens in general were held, and strong editorials were published in the daily prints reinforcing the demands of the men. To these influences were added the vigorous efforts of many of the stockholders of the company, while the aldermen began to consider the proposal of municipal ownership. The result was a speedy victory for the strikers. The company took back twenty-one of the discharged men, and consented in the future to treat with its men as a body." In this strike the significant thing was the absolute unanimity of New Haven public sentiment on behalf of the strikers, when

the sole question at issue was their right to organize.



The Child Labor Disgrace

The Chattanooga "Tradesman," a representative of the new commercialism at the South, has published a reply to the accounts of the child-labor iniquities which at last have awakened the attention of the Nation. The substance of this reply is that the children are better off in the factories than on the farms from which they came, that they are of a class so degraded that entrance into the factories means intellectual as well as material advancement, and that the most widely quoted articles exposing the alleged inhumanity of the child-labor system have not named places, for the reason that there were no places at which their concrete statements could be substantiated. Fortunately, the article in the "Tradesman" has called forth from a teacher in Dallas, Texas, as fine and brave a letter as was ever written in behalf of the child-labor agitation even during the days when Shaftesbury was arousing the conscience of England to the horror of keeping children at work for longer hours in factories than hardened criminals were kept at work in prisons. This Dallas teacher, Mr. George Clifton Edwards, in a letter to the New York "Evening Post" answers the "Tradesman's" contentions in substance as follows:

1. As to factory and farm conditions: "On the farms the children worked in the fresh air of the fields, could not work at night, worked under the direction, not of paid foremen, but of their own kin, and had the opportunity of going to district school a few months during the quiet season of the year. In the mill the work is intense, unvarying, and mechanical; and it lasts for twelve or fifteen hours in atmosphere made foul by the breath and sweat of scores of operatives, and filled with the fine lint of cotton. The mill has no vacation and no quiet season at all. The mill regularly works the mother and the elder sisters, and there is no home for the factory family; there is merely a place to eat and to sleep; and some of these hovels here in Dallas, managed by the mill, are almost inconceivably crowded, wretched, and filthy."

2. As to the degradation of the class "educated" in the mills: "I have taught in a wealthy private school, I have taught in one of the best high schools in the South, and I have taught in a cotton-mill night school, and I feel that I do not exaggerate when I say that the mill children are as quick, as promising, and as anxious to learn as the children of the

wealthy classes—that is, before the mill children have been subjected for more than a year or two to the soul-killing grind of the factory.”

3. As to names and places: “The cotton-mill in Dallas, Texas, whose President is Theophilus King, of Boston, whose manager is J. T. Howard, of Dallas, and whose superintendent is H. W. Fairbanks, of Dallas, works children of eleven and twelve from six-thirty in the morning to six-thirty at night, and, whenever it suits the management, to nine-thirty at night. The mill claims that the wages and the conditions here in Dallas are better than in any of the other cotton States. These facts are true in Texas, and the Northern reformer and the Northern stockholder can imagine the situation in Alabama, Georgia, and the Carolinas.”

Mr. Edwards's letter certainly makes the general charges against the child-labor system as specific as any one could demand. If Northern owners or Southern managers can make any adequate reply, it will be given to our readers.



The Pacific Cable Attorney-General Knox has announced that the Pacific Commercial Cable Company will be authorized by President Roosevelt to lay a cable across the Pacific Ocean. It is hoped that the construction will be begun at once, the route being by way of Honolulu and Guam to Manila. Barring unforeseen impediments, it is estimated that the first word may be telegraphed in the autumn of 1903. The Pacific Commercial Cable Company (representing the Mackay-Bennett interests) will work under the conditions set forth in a formal application filed some months ago; but to this application Mr. Knox has added five important modifications, which must be conceded by the Company before the preliminary work—which does not need to await Congressional authority—may begin. The object of Mr. Knox's modifications is, in the Government's interest, to meet the objections to the Hale and Corliss bills, which failed to pass at the last session of Congress. By the terms of the revised document, the United States Government (1) reserves the right absolutely to control the cable in time of war; (2) declares that the Postmaster-General shall dictate terms of transmission, and (3) that the Company shall agree to relinquish all its rights and franchise to the Government whenever directed to do so, for the amount of appraisement to be pronounced by a

board of directors selected in the usual way; (4) insists that a prescribed speed of transmission be maintained, and (5) that the Pacific Cable Company shall lay a cable between Manila and a port in China yet to be agreed upon. The last clause, it is believed, is the only one which may be a source of difficulty, as the Company has already entered into an agreement with the company controlling the existing line between Manila and Hongkong. The latter company has a franchise from the Chinese Government, but, under the “favored nation” clause in the treaty between China and the United States, we have a right to claim a similar franchise. By obtaining a terminal in China, therefore, the Government and the Pacific Commercial Cable Company will obtain seven hundred miles of new lines. In return for the required modifications the Government will permit the Company to use the Pacific Ocean charts made by the United States Navy and by the Coast and Geodetic Survey; if new charts were to be made, the completion of the cable would be delayed another year. The present rate of cabling to Manila is a dollar and fifty-six cents a word. It is understood that an agreement will be made fixing fifty cents a word as the cost to the Government.



Abundant Crops The report just issued by the Department of Agriculture indicates an abundance of crops of all kinds. Its estimate of the wheat yield, for instance, though below the record two years ago, is distinctly above the average. Its estimate of the corn crop, however, gives greater interest and satisfaction. It forecasts a yield of over two billion five hundred million bushels—certainly a record-breaker. There is special importance in the promise this year of such a crop, as our corn exports last year were a hundred and fifty million bushels less than those for the year previous, representing a loss of about seventy million dollars. In spite of this, however, the great movement of general merchandise in 1901 caused grain-belt railways to show satisfactory net earnings; if the Government estimates are realized, their earnings this year should be greater. The prospect of bringing to market more than

three billion bushels of wheat and corn, not to consider the phenomenal quantities of oats, rye, barley, and cotton in view, has caused the United States Treasury to make special appropriations to meet the demand from Western and Southern banks for notes of small denominations, thus providing for the crop-moving period; fortunately, both the Treasury and the banks throughout the country were never so well equipped as now to meet this demand. Finally, present problems of foreign exchange seem simpler when we reflect that, based upon these optimistic estimates, our grain and cotton will not only feed and clothe ourselves, but also, to a greater extent than ever, millions of men throughout the world.



**The New
Supreme Court Justice**

The appointment by President Roosevelt of Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes to the vacancy in the United States Supreme Court caused by the retirement of Justice Gray meets with unreserved approval because of Judge Holmes's legal qualifications and experience on the bench of the Massachusetts Supreme Court. It also gives peculiar pleasure because of the special regard and personal affection in which his father's name and memory are held by all Americans; of no name, indeed, can it be said with more exact truth that it is a household name throughout the country. The father's pride in his son's professional success was never concealed, and his earlier pride in the son's service as a soldier has been shared by all who have read that gently humorous but really pathetic chapter of Dr. Holmes's adventures, "My Hunt for the Captain." Judge Holmes is now sixty-one years of age, and has been about twenty years a member of the Massachusetts Supreme Court and for years has been its Chief Justice. There is every reason to believe that he will prove a capable successor to Justice Gray, also a Massachusetts man, who retires after serving twenty-one years. The new Justice is believed to be a man of conservative instincts, to hold views harmonizing generally with those of the present Administration on current questions, but to be a man of eminently judicial and open mind. It is interesting to know in

the present industrial crisis that Judge Holmes is on record as upholding the rights of workers to organize and to use all reasonable means to enlist their co-laborers in their unions, provided always they do no violence and threaten no violence.



Imperial Federation

Last week the Conference at London of British Colonial Premiers came to an end. In the minds of some, the apparent results are hardly commensurate with their optimistic expectations. It will be difficult, however, for "the man in the street" to discover all that has taken place, for, according to the present arrangement, the proceedings are not to be published. This, to certain critics, is an indication that the proceedings have been abortive. It must be remembered, however, that, as in the case of the recent Pan-American Congress at the City of Mexico, the London Conference was purely consultative, its power being limited to an agreement upon resolutions which in their turn shall form a basis for legislation by the various parliaments. So far as is known, the resolutions adopted relate chiefly to imperial defense and imperial trade. As to the first, the Premiers have agreed, so it is understood, to recommend that the land forces of the colonies shall be organized on English models, the principle of local control being maintained, and that the contributions from the colonies to the British navy shall be increased. The fine example of colonial loyalty and imperial solidarity shown during the Boer War should justify the Premiers in feeling that their proposals will evoke favorable legislation. More attractive than any scheme of military union, however, are the plans looking toward commercial advancement and commercial union throughout the Empire. Aside from the remarkable agreement on subsidies, the most important resolution adopted relating to commercial advancement was that which would establish the metric system of weights and measures. In this the Premiers have taken a real step forward, not only for the British Empire, but also for this country; we shall hardly allow the British to outdistance us in doing away with the antiquated system which has retarded our competition and

British competition in the markets of the world. The United Kingdom would also gain if the proposed change in coinage were carried out as regards its relations with Canada, for existing denominations of the currency in England are foreign to those of the Dominion of Canada.



Preferential Tariffs Concerning commercial union, the Premiers practically recommend the principle of preferential tariffs within the Empire; at least they identify themselves with it. It will take a more detailed resolution, however, than theirs to satisfy the protectionists in the colonies. It was significant of the irritation of protectionists in Canada with present conditions there that, following the close of the Premiers' Conference, the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, in session at Halifax, passed a resolution calling for the immediate revision of the Dominion tariff, with the object of greater protection to manufacturers, especially against goods imported from the United States. While the resolution declares that the minimum tariff must afford adequate protection to Canadian producers, it favors a substantial preference toward the United Kingdom or other parts of the Empire with which reciprocal preferential trade can be arranged. Mr. Tarte, Canadian Minister of Public Works, made the principal speech supporting this resolution. He said that Canadians must no longer see their markets slaughtered by American manufacturers; that the needs of Canada were a higher tariff and an improvement of waterways (the Georgian Bay route from the grain-fields of the West is three hundred miles shorter than that by way of New York). This improvement will undoubtedly take place, and Canada will probably ere long have a fast Atlantic line with termini at Quebec in the summer and Halifax in the winter. The change in the tariff is not so certain, however. Even if it took place, it would have no terrors for the people on this side of the border. The present Canadian discrimination of one-third in favor of the United Kingdom, which was expected to maim our competition, has not been sufficient to prevent our exports to Canada from becoming greater than ever. We may not forget, nevertheless, that Canada is

an increasingly formidable competitor in the wheat export market. Such a reliable authority as Lord Strathcona declares that within a decade Canadian wheat will suffice for England's needs. When that day comes, Mr. Chamberlain, the British Colonial Secretary, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, may be justified in the hope that the recently imposed grain duty in England may become the basis for a slight preference toward Canadian wheat. If that preference should be shown, an active interest will be taken by our grain-growers and shippers. Even now we can see that, if we had established reciprocity with Canada when we had the opportunity, our millers would be using a large part of the Canadian wheat product, exporting it abroad as flour. We should not deny reciprocity to Canada any more than to Cuba.



Newfoundland and Canada

The tendency towards federation among British colonies, which has become steadily stronger during the past few months, has been accentuated by the discussion at London between the Prime Ministers of Canada and Newfoundland to bring about a union between the greatest and the oldest of British colonies. It is true that the advantage of free trade between the two would be a very real one. However, this advantage, as was pointed out in a recent Toronto "Sun," could probably be obtained at any time by negotiation. The "Sun" reviews the disadvantages to the Dominion: A public debt of twenty million dollars and an annual interest bill of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars on Newfoundland's account—thirty dollars a head more than in the Dominion; secondly, the international trouble regarding the French Newfoundland shore—France will not sell her treaty right over this territory except at a price much greater than it is worth to Canada; furthermore, by the acquisition of an island province, Canada would be forced to provide a navy to defend it, whereas at present Canadian defense is represented only by a land force, sufficient to resist invasion except from the south, whence there is no likelihood of attack; finally, an important immediate obligation to be assumed (and

one strangely kept in the background by the promoters of the change, as the "Sun" acutely points out) in the great increase in the subsidies payable to the big smelters of Nova Scotia (the Dominion Iron and Steel Company and the Nova Scotia Steel Company), concerns using the Newfoundland ore, which is now foreign, but in case of union would be domestic. On pig iron made from Canadian ore the Dominion pays a bounty of \$2.70 a ton; on pig iron made from ore produced outside the boundaries of Canada it pays \$1.80 a ton. If Newfoundland were brought into the Dominion, Newfoundland ore would become Canadian and would receive the \$2.70 bounty, a substantial difference when computed on seven hundred thousand tons of pig iron. It is not surprising that adverse criticism of union is greater in Canada than in Newfoundland, since the debt-ridden Newfoundlanders have more to gain by the union than the Canadians.



Sugar in the British West Indies

In this time of storm and stress concerning the Cuban sugar market it is interesting to note that one of the last acts of the British Parliament before its adjournment was to vote the sum of \$1,250,000 to the West Indian colonies as a grant-in-aid. The matter was hardly one of party issue: Mr. Chamberlain, Colonial Secretary, and Sir Edward Grey, one of the Liberal leaders, made the principal arguments in favor of the grant. Mr. Chamberlain's speech was, as might have been expected, rather commercial in its character; Sir Edward's treated the subject from the standpoint of Imperial obligations. The Colonial Secretary cleverly pointed out that cheap sugar might be dearly purchased. The only crop for many of the islands in the British West Indies is sugar; if this industry failed, the Empire would have to support the people dependent upon it. The Commission of 1897 was, as Mr. Chamberlain said, as impartial and competent a body as could have been appointed; it found a condition of almost universal depression in the West Indies, which had since persisted, mainly caused by the failure of the sugar industry, a failure due, in the Commission's opinion, to the operation of sugar bounties. Whatever

may be Mr. Chamberlain's opinion, that of most men is to the effect that sugar bounties make artificial conditions; this being the case, the sugar industry in the West Indies has shown a decadence not at all because it is incapable of holding its own against the competition of the world. The Brussels Convention, however, will largely put an end to the artificial conditions, but the Convention will not come into force until a year from this autumn, hence Mr. Chamberlain asked for a grant-in-aid to tide over the time until then. Having been one of the three Commissioners who had investigated the matter on the spot, Sir Edward Grey spoke with authority. He showed that England was under great obligations to the West Indies. In the past they had poured huge wealth into Lombard Street, but if a small assistance were denied to them now, it was small in comparison with the amount which the Imperial Parliament would inevitably have to find in the near future if it permits this part of the Empire to go into practical bankruptcy. The aid to be given would be both by way of loan and by relaxation of taxes. The opposing minority based their attack on the assumption that a bad precedent was being established, and that other precarious industries were as much entitled to a grant from the exchequer as were the West Indian sugar-planters. The defense was a plea that exceptional circumstances justified a temporary departure from an accepted principle. There are few statesmen, however, in any country, we fancy, who would affirm that in general it is a sound policy to prop up a decaying industry with a government grant.



Irish Landlords Conditions in Ireland are more interesting than ever. The landlords, threatened by the United Irish League on the one hand, and complaining of insufficient Government protection on the other, have organized for the defense of their interests by forming a company with a capital of £100,000 (nearly \$500,000). This, of course, is only the financial nucleus of a movement which is intended in every legitimate way to meet the corporate influence of the League by a more concerted action of the landlord class than has hitherto been

attempted. The paralyzing influence of the boycott is declared by impartial observers to be as fully established as in the days of Parnell and the Land League, but with this difference, that the Irish tenant and the laborer have far less to complain of than they had twenty years ago. Besides, the landlords have to confront not only the secret boycott and uncertainty of rents, but the demand, backed now by the support of a section of Protestants in Ulster, Ireland's northernmost county, of compulsory purchase and expropriation. That phase of the agitation against absentee landlords has not yet reached formidable proportions, but the Nationalists support it to a man. These facts show in how difficult a situation the landlords really are. It is recalled in their behalf that when the Nationalists protested in Parliament a few years ago that Ireland was overtaxed as compared with England, the landlords joined heartily in that protest and fraternized with the Nationalists in every effort to secure an equitable adjustment of the burden. Just now the Nationalists are attacking Mr. Wyndham, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, for not relaxing Government process against tenants liable to eviction. The Secretary replies that, the boycott being aimed at all law and order in Ireland, it does not lie in the mouths of the organizers of that boycott to question the enforcement of evictions. The significant thing in present Irish political agitation is the union, even if it be on a side issue, of Ulster Protestants and the Irish Nationalists, who are chiefly Roman Catholic.



An Automobile Tragedy "The speed madness" is the expressive phrase by which the French papers explain the real cause of the horrible death of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fair near Evreux, Normandy. A powerful machine rushing at terrific pace such as a railway engine rarely attains, an accident to a wheel tire, perhaps a wrong turn of the steering apparatus, and in an instant the automobile crashes into a tree and two of the three occupants are lifeless. The lessons of such disasters as this, and the recent death of Baron von Bleichröder near Cologne, and the disaster on Staten

Island last spring, and many other similar occurrences, are only too obvious. Not only for the safety of the general public, but for the protection of automobilists themselves, limits must be put by law on the frightfully dangerous use of the public highways. One of these powerful high-speed machines requires the best attention of a capable and experienced engineer, and there is a strong tendency that urges the amateur to believe that a few lessons and a superficial knowledge make him competent to take his own life and those of others into his keeping. Moreover, the insane desire for speed and breaking records is not only dangerous but absurd when exercised on public roads. As "Figaro" well says, it is as ridiculous for a man of leisure to scorch on the roads of France at a death-disseminating velocity of over a mile a minute as it would be for the owner of the winner of the Grand Prix de Paris to gallop at a breakneck pace through the Bois de Boulogne on his mount. Nothing but universal sympathy is felt for the victims of the Fair disaster, and it is not to be urged that they were more blameworthy in taking risks than are scores of other automobilists. But for this very reason it is evident that there must be a reaction among the owners of these great forty-horse-power engines against the vertigo of fast running. If there must be speed contests, let them be confined to properly prepared courses. Legal restraints are difficult to apply in this matter, but they are not impossible, and they should be supported by such a strength of public feeling that the offenders will be shamed out of their recklessness.



Dueling Last week, after a brief confinement in a fortress for the murder of his fellow-officer in a duel, Lieutenant Hildebrandt, of the German army, was released, and he was greeted by a remarkable ovation from his regiment. A brother-officer, when intoxicated, had "insulted" Lieutenant Hildebrandt, who, declining any apology, insisted upon a duel as the only way to satisfy regimental honor as well as his own! He killed his man. Nothing could illustrate better than last week's ovation the brutality still persisting on the European Continent under the specious

guise of "honor." It is to the everlasting credit of Englishmen that in this respect they refuse to follow Continental ideas. While laws exist against dueling in France, they are inadequate and rarely enforced. If the duel terminates fatally, the survivor and seconds are arrested, but we have never heard of the survivor's punishment, save under one provision of the law—that is, through heavy damages which may be obtained by the family of the dead man. When M. de Saint-Victor was killed in the Asselin duel, Madame de Saint-Victor instituted civil, not criminal, proceedings against M. Asselin, who ultimately was forced to pay a hundred thousand francs (\$20,000) to her. It is a satisfaction to chronicle that in France (which more than any other land has been notorious for frequent, though rarely for bloody, duels) three courageous men of high estate, Prince Louis de Broglie, Count du Bourg, and General de la Racque, have now established a league looking towards the suppression of this savagery. We are glad to add that they have made this league international in its scope. Already they have received support from such men as the Duke of Arenberg in Belgium, Count Brandis in Austria, and, in Russia, the veteran General Dragomirov and no less a personage than General Kuropatkin himself, the Imperial Minister of War. These two Generals recently presented a petition to the Czar requesting him to abolish the duel among officers. In Germany, despite the admirable attitude of many Liberal papers, the barbarity dies hard. The Adelstag, or conference of German nobles, has resolved, it is true, that "it should no longer be considered a stigma of dishonor or a cause of social ostracism for a nobleman to refuse to fight a duel if the grounds of his refusal are honorable." It is also true that the Emperor has made some speeches deprecating the custom, yet he mitigates the sentences imposed by the military tribunals in cases of dueling, and thus neutralizes by his action the effect which might otherwise be caused by his public utterances. Clever and far-sighted in many ways, William II. has so far neglected the opportunity to accomplish a permanent reform which would redound to Germany's good name and to humanity's.

An Unusual Benefaction There is a quality of peculiar fitness in Mr. Andrew Carnegie's latest gift. Through his discriminating generosity the library of the late Lord Acton, consisting of 70,000 volumes on subjects connected mainly with the history of modern Europe, the history of the Papacy, Protestant movements, politics, and economics, has come into the possession of Mr. John Morley, who among living men is perhaps the best qualified, by his learning, his temperament, his position in political life, and his literary ability, to use it. Lord Acton was a man of eminently amiable nature and affable manner, genuinely loved by the few who knew him intimately and thoroughly respected for his extraordinary knowledge. He spent his life reading. He bought his books to read them as well as own them. His vast amount of information, involving as it did acquaintance with the religious controversies of modern Europe, never disturbed his unquestioning faith as a devout though liberal Roman Catholic. He affirmed that he never had a single doubt of any dogma of his Church. He collected and hoarded facts, but apparently gave less heed to their significance than a miser gives to what his gold will buy. He wrote little or nothing except the comments that he put in his books as he read them. These annotations constitute practically his only contribution to other men's knowledge, but they are invaluable. Before his death the announcement was made that his library was to be put upon the market, but later this statement was withdrawn. It now appears that Mr. Carnegie purchased the library, leaving it to Lord Acton as a life interest. It is fortunate for the world that it now goes into the worthy keeping of Mr. Morley, for, scholar though he is, he is not a mere hoarder but a user of knowledge.



Religious Schools in Brittany The four Breton nobles, Pontcalec, Talhouet, Couëdic, and Montlouis, in Dumas's "Fille du Régent," must have been in the minds of that story-teller's lovers last week when they read that in Brittany Vicomte Lagatnais, a Clerical leader, had been making speeches up and down the land to the effect that "you can

arrest me; my ancestors died on the scaffold, and I would deem it an honor to be imprisoned for this noble cause." Such an example had its intended effect, and exciting scenes occurred in the traditionally fanatical province wherever the Government was forced to expel the nuns from their schools. The excitement was increased by reason of the fact that in some cases the Government's agents chose the very early hours of the morning, when it was still dark, to execute their orders. The people protested vigorously, shouting, "Long live the Sisters and liberty!" "Down with the Ministry!" "Down with Combes!" Women even threw themselves to the ground in front of the horses of the gendarmes, and men threatened the soldiers with cudgels, scythes, and pickaxes. Wonderful to relate, however, and quite characteristic of many other occurrences in France, including duels—there was no bloodshed. Windows were broken when doors were barred, but no heads were broken. In some cases last week the crowds cut the military cordon and the troops charged; people were hurt, but there were no fatalities. The barricades of carts, covered with thorns, brambles, and beehives, defending the entrances to the schools, are characteristic of provincial obstinacy, seen often in French history, and especially in the incident related by Dumas *père*. While M. Combes, the new Premier, has shown lamentable want of tact in executing a Government decree which was permissive rather than mandatory, he and the astuter Radicals, like M. Waldeck-Rousseau, for instance, represent the France of the future; the reactionaries represent the France of the past. The new Associations Law, which has excited these disturbances, requires that all associations, religious or secular, shall be registered, shall publish their articles of organization and their rules of procedure, failing which they are to be subject to severe penalties, including dissolution. Most of the monastic and conventual houses in France have already applied for authorization; the minority have been obstinate in refusing to register; the heads of some of these minority orders control about 6,000 nuns (teachers and nurses), who in their turn have charge in their schools of nearly 150,000 children, and, with the other

Sisters of France, watch over 110,000 sick, infirm, and aged persons, 60,000 orphans, 12,000 wayward girls, and 70,000 of the blind, deaf, and dumb. All of this work is performed with a rare unselfishness. It is no wonder, then, that the Sisters are justly popular throughout France; in the matter of school authorization they are simply the tools of the clerical bigots governing some of the orders. While it would appear that much of the religious sense of France, Protestant as well as Roman Catholic, is now in arms against the Prime Minister, propagandists in France, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, will one day learn the lesson that in the matter of associations the State has its just rights, hitherto unenforced.



**Protestant Federation
in Germany**

In an address recently delivered at Gotha the German Emperor warmly advocated a confederation of the various State Churches. This seed has fallen on good ground. Such a union has been longed for by churchmen of the Fatherland for decades. Prominent theologians, from Schleiermacher to Bey-schlag, have proposed ways and means for the realization of this ideal. This is the first time, however, that the *Summus Episcopus* of the Protestant Church of Prussia has himself lent his influence to its consummation. Not only has the idea been warmly received by the religious press (although, in conservative circles, with doubt as to the possibility of the plan ever becoming a reality), but the Church authorities themselves are beginning to act. At the Eisenach Conference, which has just taken place, consisting of the representatives of the various State Churches, the matter assumed a tangible shape by the appointment of a committee to conduct the propaganda in favor of a federation. It was this same body which managed to secure a revision of the Luther version of the Scriptures. The importance of this movement looking to a confederation of State Churches in the land of Luther can readily be understood when it is realized that there is not such an organization as the Protestant Church of Germany. Instead, there are four dozen different Protestant State Churches in that country. Since 1870 Germany has been an empire in a political and military sense,

but not in matters of education and religion. Officially and organically, the University of Leipzig is no more closely connected with that of Berlin than are Yale and Harvard, and the Protestant Church of Prussia has no more legal connection with that of Saxony than have the Episcopal and the Presbyterian Churches in this country. Indeed, there are more State Churches than States in Germany. The Empire has twenty-five component political parts, but a number of these have more than one Protestant State Church. Thus Prussia has no fewer than six. This is owing to historical causes. The centripetal forces in political Germany have been much more powerful in the last half-century than were those in the ecclesiastical sphere. The number of States has become smaller, but the number of State Churches has practically remained the same. In 1866 Prussia by conquest added three new provinces to the nine that made up that kingdom, but these three provinces have retained their own State Churches and church governments. As a result there are forty-eight State Churches in twenty-five States.



The Growth of Church Unity

These State Churches have each their own government and are in no way organically connected. Each makes its own laws and regulations and recognizes those of the other State Churches only in so far as this is deemed wise and expedient. It frequently happens that a pastor whose doctrinal position has made it impossible to hold a pulpit in one State Church is welcomed in another where the Church authorities are more liberally inclined. There has, indeed, been a tacit recognition of one another and a mutual co-operation to a limited degree, but all this has been done unofficially. In practical church work, such as mission societies, sociological congresses, etc., the territorial boundaries are being constantly ignored, and in this manner the way for a closer union has been prepared. Just as little as the universities of one German State hesitate to call a man from an institution of another State, do the Church authorities have any scruples to invite prominent men from other States to fields in their

own. In this way an inner union is already a fact to a marked degree. To make this inner union also one of external organization is the object of the new federation campaign. It is proposed to leave the doctrinal and confessional position of each Church intact; for it is recognized on all hands that it would be a harder task to unite the various schools of theological and religious thought in Germany than it would to make the twelve dozen American Protestant sects and sectlets a unit in matters of faith. The new federation is to enable the Protestant Churches of Germany to present an undivided front to the world, to develop and defend the common principles of Protestantism, and to effect one strong and powerful organization for the whole country, and thus realize a dream which goes back almost to the very days of the Reformation. One promising feature about the whole matter is this, that those in charge evidently intend to make haste slowly and to educate the Protestants of the country to such a union, just as the Germans, as a people, were educated up to political unity. No force will be applied in carrying out the programme. As there are no indications worth mentioning in the direction of a separation of State and Church in the Kaiser's country, this proposed federation of the State Churches is probably the next best thing.



A Notable Address at Northfield

Some people have attributed to the religious movement that is called evangelistic a spirit of religious arrogance. The fact that this has been applied with a great measure of injustice to the Conferences at Northfield makes the address of the Rev. Teunis S. Hamlin before the Conference of Christian Workers at Northfield last week very notable. This address appeared in full in the New York "Tribune" of August 15, and in that form ought to have a wide reading. We are glad without further comment to quote largely from this address:

I want to say something about the need for the present day of what might be called a Christian agnosticism, and you will find the words upon which the thought is based in the first letter to the Corinthians, the thirteenth chapter and in the ninth verse, and again in the twelfth verse. . . . You see there are two distinct affirmations: "We know; and we know

in part." . . . Just what does the man with whom you, pastor, have been dealing mean when he says that he is an agnostic—that he cannot know? Well, if you go on with it to the end you will find what he means is that he cannot know perfectly, absolutely. He will not deny that he knows, as St. Paul says, "in part;" he will not deny that there are phases of truth which he knows. Take "life," for instance. . . . Absolute knowledge of life is impossible. The most we know is the phenomena of life. This is just as true of the lowest life as the highest; just as true of the life of the tree or the grass as it is of the man or the eagle; and because we cannot know life absolutely, comprehensively, perfectly, are we, therefore, to say that we are agnostics about life? . . . We know enough about it to take care of it; to heal it, if possible, when it is ill; to nourish it; to safeguard it from perils that constantly threaten. We know enough about life to live and to exult in living, so that we cannot say that in the fullest sense we are agnostics. When we carry life up to the infinite which we call God, then men say, "Well, now, you have reached the point where you must be agnostics; where it is impossible to know." As Professor Flint, of Edinburgh, has pointed out, all agnosticism centers in agnosticism about God, because the highest life is, in the nature of the case, the most difficult to know, and when that is reached many say, confidently, "We cannot know;" but, as a matter of fact, we know God by the works of God. We know, as Mr. Morgan had occasion to point out yesterday in reference to Amos, the cause by result—not perfectly, but that there is a cause; and sufficient was that sort of cause to give us a working basis of truth. . . . I think, dear friends, that it is strictly true to say that so far as agnosticism is a fact, and a factor of difficulty and almost impossibility in reaching men, we Christians are very largely to blame for it; for while the agnostic affirms that we cannot know, we are too ready to affirm that we know all, and unwilling to take the attitude of the Apostle and say, "We know in part." The dogmatism of Christianity has led very largely to the agnosticism of the world. . . . When a young man comes up to be examined for licensure or ordination, it is fatal to him to be in doubt about anything. He is twenty-four years of age, and he is expected to know the universe from root to branch, and when the hardest questions are proposed to him, if he hesitates to affirm with positiveness that this is thus, it goes hard with him in the Presbytery; and I presume it does in council and conference. Christianity has put a premium upon a sort of dogmatism which certainly plays into the hands of agnosticism, and creates the very thing which in its turn stands square across Christianity's path. . . . So far as there is to-day any distrust of the Scripture, or any turning away from the Scripture, it is due to the fact, not that men inherently dislike it—how can any inherently dislike good tidings?—but to the fact that we have claimed, for example, that one is to go to the Scripture to find the authority of geology or astronomy,

or what not; and when men have gone to the Scripture and found that it was not a text-book of geology, of astronomy, or geography, they have cast it aside for even the thing which it is, a text-book, an infallible rule, of faith and life. . . . The same thing is true in Christian experience. . . . I have barely suggested to you the thought that, did time permit, I should be glad to elaborate. Why is this found, this "I know," "I know in part," embedded in this poem on love? It seems curiously out of place, but I think it could not be more absolutely in place, because there is nothing so fatal to love as pride of intellect. Arrogance is one of the things that God says he hates, and the man who arrogates to himself the omniscience of Jehovah, and who believes that over the whole scope of truth he is able to affirm, "I know," and who will not consent to stand with this supreme man of the Apostolic Church, to whom we owe our Christianity, and say, "I know in part"—this man stands perilously near one of the most subtle temptations and sins that ever beset Christians—the sin of spiritual pride, from which may God save us all.



The Brotherhood
of the Kingdom

The tenth annual Conference of the Brotherhood met at Morristown, N. J., August 4-8, instead of at Marlborough, N. Y., as heretofore. Its aim is to draw the thought of the churches to the social aspects of Christianity as they appear in Jesus' cardinal doctrine of the kingdom of God, destined, as Dr. Josiah Strong says in his recent book, "The Next Great Awakening," to be pivotal in the next general revival of religion. These Conferences regularly exhibit a notable list of subjects and of speakers in a broadly interdenominational fellowship. Biblical themes are discussed in their social as well as personal aspects, and social problems in their relation to Biblical teaching. While taking advanced ground regarding many practical questions of the day, it is in so sane and reasonable a spirit that criticism is disarmed. Special endeavor is made to infuse religious spirit into efforts for social amelioration, and to make Jesus' teaching concerning wealth effective in the Church. Among the speakers this year were Professor W. N. Clarke, of Hamilton, and Professor Rauschenbusch, of Rochester; the Hon. Norman Fox, Mayor of Morristown, and the Hon. Clinton R. Woodruff, of the Municipal League, Philadelphia; Drs. Josiah Strong and L. W. Batten, of New York; the Hon. F. H. Wines, of Washington, and Mr. W. S. Logan, Presi-

dent of the New York State Bar Association. Without advertisement or sound of trumpet, the Brotherhood, by its conferences and publications, has effectively contributed to that change of religious emphasis toward the social side of life which is now increasingly perceptible. This is now so far advanced that an extension of the work through local Brotherhoods has been resolved upon, and the Executive Committee instructed to prepare plans. The Corresponding Secretary, the Hon. C. R. Woodruff, North American Building, Philadelphia, will respond to all inquiries for further information.



**The Roman Catholic
Total Abstinence Movement**

The recent Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union in Dubuque, Iowa, was an event of National interest. To begin with, the place of meeting was unusually well chosen. During the strictest prohibitive period in Iowa, the city of Dubuque conspicuously defied the State law. Its great malting interest ran the city and multiplied saloons at its pleasure. Archbishop Keane during the past two years has thrown the gauntlet down to the law-defying elements and has rallied about him the best citizens for law and order. The Convention, which was unusually well attended and was addressed by several distinguished speakers, including Archbishop Ireland and Senator Allison, did not a little to strengthen public sentiment in favor of better civic life and saloon regulation. Apart from this local incident, the report of the National Secretary—the Rev. A. P. Doyle, of the Paulist Fathers—showed a steady broadening and deepening of the work of the Society. The National organization now numbers 85,729 pledged total abstainers, an increase of 5,566 over the numbers of the previous year. But more important than this increase in numbers is the stronger hold which the Society has obtained upon the younger priesthood of the Church through the "Seminary Apostolate" of Father Siebenfoercher, of Kenton, Ohio. In reviewing the great work of this reformer Father Doyle said:

As we look back over thirty years, one of the greatest obstacles to the progress of temperance work has been the attitude of many of the seminaries where the young priests have

been educated. Not only has there been very little or no cultivation of a total abstinence sentiment there, but the practices, methods, and teaching, in many instances, have favored the moderate use of stimulants as against the principles of total abstinence. Father Siebenfoercher became impressed in a very practical way with the fact that unless there was a knowledge and love for the principles of total abstinence among the priesthood there would be very little total abstinence among the people. So he instituted the Seminary Apostolate. He sought and readily obtained permission to preach the principles of total abstinence in the various seminaries of the country. He stood before these young men with the burden of many years of the ministry on his shoulders and with a look of intense conviction on his face, and he impressed them with the significance of the words of the Holy Father in his letter to the clergy of the United States, that "the practice of total abstinence is the proper and truly efficacious remedy for the prevailing vice of drunkenness."

The result of Father Siebenfoercher's work during the past year, continued Father Doyle, has been the establishment of total abstinence societies in nine theological seminaries. "All this work has been carried on through his own zeal and without one penny of expense to the National Union." That this work was done by a priest of German extraction made it all the more significant. In some portions of the country, as, for example, the mining regions of Pennsylvania, the total abstinence movement is practically confined to the Irish-American priests—who, however, are nearly all working aggressively in its behalf.



**The
National Organization
of Orthodox Rabbis**

In contrast to the persistence of Jewish rites, the ecclesiastical organization of the Jews since the disappearance of the priestly hierarchy and the sacrificial system has been very loose. Although in practice the rabbis correspond to the ministers of the Christian churches, they have been by no means uniformly and definitely set apart to their office. As a consequence, men who have had only a superficial acquaintance with rabbinical lore have succeeded in achieving recognition as rabbis among many orthodox communities of the Jews. In order to prevent the degradation of that scholarship which traditionally is associated with the name of rabbi, a National organization has been formed in this country, to be known as the United Orthodox

Rabbis. Before a man is accepted by this organization, which is composed of the leading orthodox rabbis of America, he will have to prove to it his fitness. The authority of this body, however, is in no respect hierarchical. It rests wholly upon the tendency of the orthodox Jews to accept the decisions of their religious leaders, in somewhat the same way, we should say, as Christian churches of congregational polity accept the decisions of councils. Any community which accepts a man whose credentials have not been scrutinized and approved by this National organization is likely to find that by the same organization its rabbi's acts will be declared null and void. In that event the community, without question, will accept the ruling of the organization, and thus end the activity of this so-called "rabbinical pretender." From past experience the leaders among the orthodox Jews believe it safe to assume that congregations will hereafter accept only such men for the office of rabbi as have had the sanction of the United Orthodox Rabbis. This organization is not unprecedented, similar organizations having existed in Russia and Germany. The statement is made on the authority of the "Jewish Daily News" that this organization is of the same sort that was in existence in Russia a hundred years ago. Nevertheless, it marks an interesting stage in the development of the orthodox Jews in America toward greater ecclesiastical compactness.

Buddhists in America

The establishment in San Francisco of a Buddhist temple calls renewed attention from Americans to Buddhism as a system and as a mission activity. As to the first, important recent comments on it have been from Dr. Moorhouse, the Bishop of Manchester, England. He rightly says that religion has come to mean a system of faith by means of which the soul is united to a personal God. "We cannot love dead forces," declares the Bishop, "or an abstract system of phenomenal causes. If this be so, then I say unhesitatingly that Buddhism can have no claim to be a religion, because it has no personal God. It recognizes, indeed, the popular gods of Brahmanism, as so much else which existed in the religious system

of Hindustan at the period of its birth, but it ranks those gods with the passing appearances and products of time, and sets the Buddha, a mere man, far above them." Dr. Moorhouse thus believes that Buddhism is not a religion at all in the true sense, but only an ethical philosophy. Its precepts are to help the devotee to get rid of "the will to live;" the devotee's pursuit, therefore, is a very "Quixotism of quietude." The difference between Christianity and Buddhism was startlingly displayed in two of the Bishop's antitheses. "The one teaches us to find eternal life in the knowledge of God; the other in the knowledge of nothing. The one bids us rejoice in love, which unites us with God and our neighbor; the other denounces all love as the source of sorrow." It is one of the signs of the times that the real "Shinshu," or "Sect of Truth" of Buddhism, should be sending missions from Japan, not only to China and Korea, the Malay Peninsula and Hawaii, but actually to the continent of America.



Home Rule Issues in Ohio

The vital questions to be decided by the extra session of the Ohio Legislature, which assembles next week, all center on the extent to which home rule shall be permitted. Nearly every legislator professes to be an ardent home-ruler, but, as Mr. Sikes points out in his article on another page, an influential element favors State control of the police whom city taxes support. This reactionary policy is already pursued in the government of Cincinnati, and was recently adopted by the Legislature for the government of Toledo, and only blocked by the decision of the Supreme Court that such legislation must be general for all the cities of the State or else be unconstitutional. Fortunately, although the State is Republican, the Republican cities will protest almost as strongly as the Democratic cities against any general legislation giving the State government control over the most important department of city administration, and this movement against home rule is likely to fail. Nevertheless there is danger that the control of cities over their police forces may be abridged, and the sense of local responsibility for local

administration be thereby weakened. Upon this question the advocates of home rule need not oppose the establishment of a State constabulary supported by State taxes for State purposes. But the city's control of the forces maintained by city taxes for city purposes must be defended as essential to complete local self-government.

The next most important question to come before the extra session relates to whether the cities shall be permitted to do as they think best regarding the ownership and operation of municipal franchises, or whether they shall be required to lease certain franchises to private corporations. There is a strong and steadily growing demand that the hands of the cities shall be freed in this respect. The first three-cent-fare franchise accepted on this continent was accepted in Toronto, because the street railway company had to face the alternative of low fares or city operation of the lines; and innumerable American cities have obtained their electric lighting service at phenomenally low figures from private corporations because these corporations had to face the alternative of reduced charges or a public plant. For this reason a general law freeing the hands of Ohio cities to adopt whatever policy they see best for the operation of their public franchises promises to afford public relief even in cities where the private operation of many of these franchises is likely to be continued. Nevertheless, there is a strong body in the Ohio Legislature opposed to granting the cities the right to exercise any powers now delegated to private corporations.

A third matter of importance that may come before the session is the proposal to permit cities to establish the merit system for the appointment and promotion of subordinate officials whenever a majority of the citizens vote therefor. It was by a referendum of this sort, we believe, that civil service reform was established in Chicago, and Secretary Woodruff, of the National Municipal League, is authority for the statement that civil service reform has never failed of a majority when its principle has been submitted to a popular vote. We are sorry to learn that Governor Nash expresses no greater friendship for civil service

reform than Senator Hanna, but neither of these Ohio leaders can afford to deny the voters of the various cities of Ohio the right to adopt its principle if they so desire. As Secretary Woodruff states in a recent article in the Boston "Transcript," the continuation of the spoils system means the continuation of machines supported by city taxes, no matter what the framework of the city government. When the people of any city wish to make tenure of office dependent upon public service instead of service to party machines, they certainly have a right to do so. If the Ohio Legislature would establish complete home rule, it must not only permit each city to manage its own police force and determine its own policy toward public-service corporations, but it must also permit each city to determine its own policy regarding the appointment and promotion of its own civil servants. Only by such recognition of the responsibility of each locality for its own administration can there be developed the civic life essential to any enduring civic betterment.

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Wounded by its Friends

The inquiry conducted by the English Wesleyan Conference into the question whether Dr. Joseph Agar Beet is a heretic or not has resulted in a deliverance which is much worse than a lame and impotent conclusion. Dr. Beet is known in America as well as in England, and in other Protestant denominations as well as in his own, by his commentaries on the New Testament. These indicate an independent scholar, accustomed to do his own thinking, and neither so enamored of conventional conclusions as to be a mere reporter of them, nor so afraid of conventional conclusions as to depart from them merely because they are conventional. His other theological books are little known on this side of the Atlantic, and we judge not much known on either side of the Atlantic outside his own denomination. Among these other books is one published some years ago on "The Last Things." He was called to account before his Conference in 1898 for affirmations contained in this book which were supposed to be inconsistent with the traditions if not with the standards of his Church, and prom-

ised to withdraw the book from circulation. Later he published another volume, already briefly reviewed in *The Outlook*, entitled "The Immortality of the Soul," in which his critics declare that he has reaffirmed the obnoxious doctrines of the previous volume and has thus doubly proved himself unworthy to be reappointed to his theological chair in Richmond College (England), the appointment to which is made annually by the Conference of the Wesleyan Church. The charges against him were submitted to a special committee and that in our comments we may do no injustice to Dr. Beet, the Committee, or the Conference, we reprint in full the report of the Committee, as we find it in the London "Daily News:"

The Committee finds in regard to the first charge that Dr. Beet has not kept the pledge given to the Conference in the sense in which it was generally understood, but the Committee recognizes the great difficulty and perplexity in which Dr. Beet was placed at the time the promise was made, and, while deeply regretting his action, regards it as arising from a serious error of judgment rather than from want of good faith. In regard to the second charge, Mr. Wilson maintained that the teaching of the book is contrary to our standards (a) in exalting the moral sense as an authority in matters of religious belief above Holy Scripture; (b) in regard to the immortality of the soul and the endless suffering of the lost. As to 2 A, the Committee finds that his language was unguarded and liable to misconception, and some passages of his book seem to place the moral sense above the Scriptures as an authority in matters of religious belief. Dr. Beet had no intention of doing this, and he emphatically denies that there is any real conflict between the two. As to 2 B, Dr. Beet stated before the Committee that in some small details his teaching controvenes the teaching of our standards, but that he is in harmony with the general system of doctrine that underlies them. The Committee reports that Dr. Beet rejects as without adequate foundation the doctrines popularly known as those of "annihilation," "conditional immortality," "universal restoration," and "probation after death," and maintains (a) that though the Holy Scriptures teach that "all our souls will survive death for a period to which no limit can be affixed," and "that utter, hopeless, and final punishment will overtake the impenitent," they do not assert or assume the essential permanence of the soul, though neither do they deny this; (b) that while the Holy Scriptures give no ground for hope that the agony of the lost will ever cease, they do not plainly and categorically assert its endless continuance. The Committee finds that this teaching falls short of and contravenes the doctrines held and taught in our Church. In regard to the whole case, the Committee, in

view of the dread solemnity and admitted mystery of the subject, and the necessity of allowing some freedom of opinion on it, and out of regard to the fidelity of Dr. Beet to our general system of doctrine, recommends that the Conference take no further step in the matter, on condition that Dr. Beet does not teach in the pulpits the doctrine of his book, and that he publishes nothing further on the subject except with the consent of the Conference. Dr. Beet voluntarily accepted these conditions, and gave pledge that these doctrines should not be taught in the class-room."

The recommendation of the Committee was accepted, and Dr. Beet was re-elected to his theological chair in Richmond College by a vote of 329 to 235 for his chief competitor.

This action appears to us to furnish a striking illustration of a common and fatal error in ecclesiastical bodies. Whether Dr. Beet's teaching conforms to the moral sense, to Scripture, and to the standards of the Wesleyan Church, or to either, we do not discuss. But its teachings either are or are not an important departure from the standards of his Church. If they are unimportant, the Conference ought not to call the author to account for them, for surely a teacher of theology should possess a little liberty of teaching. If they are important, the Committee ought not to ask and Dr. Beet ought not to consent to keep silence respecting them. If the teachings are, from the Committee's point of view, sufficiently important errors to make the teacher of them unfit to retain his theological chair, they are or ought to be sufficiently important, from his point of view, not to be suppressed for the purpose of keeping the chair.

We are far from affirming that a teacher of theology may never be removed for teaching what his superior authorities regard as serious error. No doubt a teacher of astronomy in one of our colleges who should use his chair for the purpose of teaching the astrology of the Middle Ages might properly be dismissed. So might a professor of therapeutics in a medical college who should become a convert to Christian Science, and should teach that all physical remedies are worse than useless. But it would be impossible to defend the action of either the trustees or the professor if the trustees should vote to continue the professor in his class on condition that he would cease to teach as true what he believed to be the truth, and

he should accept the appointment upon that condition. This is what the Wesleyan Conference and Dr. Beet have combined to do. The Conference has re-elected Dr. Beet, and Dr. Beet has pledged himself not to teach his students certain faiths which he conceives to be true respecting the nature and destiny of the human soul, faiths which seemed to him so important that he thought it worth while to publish a book which treats of this subject.

It is action of this kind which gives the laity an impression of the disingenuousness of religious teachers. From it they draw the conclusion that the teachers of religion are pre-eminently advocates, who teach, not their own profound convictions, but what their superiors in office, or their congregations, or their ecclesiastical traditions require them to teach. It would indeed be unjust as well as irrational to base a general indictment of religious bodies on the joint action of a single theological professor and an ecclesiastical committee. But in the present case that action has been approved by the final authority in a large and highly organized Church in Great Britain; and it is quite in harmony with the creed subscription and the defenses offered for creed subscription which are characteristic of nearly all Christian churches. This impression, cultivated, however unconsciously, by the practice of the churches, does more, we are convinced, to impair the power of the pulpit than all attacks upon it by its foes. There are certain virtues which may be called professional, because they are those the possession of which is essential to real effectiveness in a specified profession. Carelessness respecting financial obligations may be no more immoral in a soldier than in a merchant, but it is fatal to the merchant and it is not fatal to the soldier. Cowardice may be no more immoral in a soldier than in a merchant, but it is fatal to a soldier and it is not fatal to a merchant. Candor is in this sense the professional virtue of the clergy. It is not required by his profession of the lawyer, for it is understood that the lawyer is retained, not to state his own convictions, but to make the best statement possible for his client. It is required of the clergy, for the laity go to church to hear, not a cause advocated by a paid attorney acting under orders, but

the sincere convictions concerning the higher themes of one who has given to them his most serious study. Whatever throws doubt on the punctilious honesty of a merchant impairs his credit; whatever throws doubt on the unhesitating courage of the soldier tarnishes his honor; and, similarly, whatever throws doubt on the transparent candor of the preacher despoils him of his power. The question of the little child, "Is it true, or is it only preaching?" is one which the laity often ask themselves, and it is such action as this of the Wesleyan Conference that incites the question. The Church and the ministry ought to hear what the laity are thus saying to themselves and why they say it, and perhaps the report which is unheeded when it comes from critics of the Church may receive more consideration when it comes from a friend.

That we may as far as possible avoid misapprehension, we restate our position in a series of categories. We do not deny, we affirm, the right of those in control of a teaching organization, whether it is academic, scientific, or professional, to remove from a chair one who is teaching contrary to the universally accepted beliefs of the body represented by the institution. We do not deny, we affirm, the right of a religious teacher to keep silence respecting his disbelief, his doubts, his uncertainties, his mere hypotheses, and even concerning such of his convictions as in his judgment his pupils are not yet ready to receive; this principle is enunciated by Jesus Christ in the saying, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." But we deny emphatically that it can ever be legitimate for a religious teacher to seem to teach as true what he does not believe to be true, or to keep silence respecting his convictions in order to keep his place; or ever legitimate for an ecclesiastical body to bring pressure to bear on a religious teacher in order to induce him to indorse what he does not believe, or to keep silence respecting what he does believe. Absolute sincerity is the first condition of effectiveness in the religious teacher, and no false doctrine which he may teach can be so perilous to his ministry as any semblance of disingenuousness, whether it take the form of insincere speech or constrained silence.

To Make New York Beautiful

That the ugliness of a great deal of American building and of a great many cities is beginning to press itself home upon the American consciousness is evidenced by the increasing number of organizations to secure beauty in various parts of the country. The Outlook has commented upon the movement in Chicago; it has reported and illustrated the magnificent scheme to make Washington, not only one of the most beautiful cities in the world, but, what is more important, in form, color, and dignity an interpretation of the spirit of the country. It has also commented from time to time on the various movements in this city. Important results have already been accomplished here, sometimes by the enthusiasm of individuals and sometimes by organized effort. Several associations are in the field, and never before in the history of New York have so many people been awake to the necessity of planning for the future, and of endeavoring to develop New York on the side of beauty.

The city is at this moment in process of rebuilding; and President Eliot's reported comment on its extreme dirtiness would not have been made if the speaker had taken into account the fact that New York is now both house-cleaning and house-building. We do not judge of our friends' homes when they are in process of being repaired or cleansed. Through the vast disorder which now prevails in our streets great works are being rapidly carried forward; and in two or three years New York will be a very much more comfortable city than it has been heretofore. It has very notable features in its surroundings, in its buildings, in its general conformation—features of impressive dignity and beauty which artists have not been slow to recognize; but, like every other American city, it is also full of architectural monstrosities. It is lacking in unity; it is devoid of that harmony of treatment which gives many European cities symmetry and unity. The Art Federation of New York has recently suggested to the Mayor that the Municipal Art Commission should be consulted as to the advisability of employ-

ing a commission of experts, as was recently done by Congress for the city of Washington, to make a thorough study of the artistic condition and the artistic possibilities of New York; the purpose of the Federation being to secure definite, well-considered, and comprehensive plans along which work can be conducted for many years.

For purposes of artistic development New York must be taken as it is. It cannot be made over in a day; it cannot be made over as Paris was made over by Baron Haussmann, because it is under a free and not under an imperial government, and no American city would for a moment submit to the arbitrary measures employed in order to reconstruct Paris. What is done in an American city for its beautification must be done by the co-operation of the citizens, not by the will of a despotic ruler. No American city would submit to the minute regulations which govern German cities, and which secure certain admirable results—regulations so minute, however, that the list of things which the resident of a German city is not permitted to do is very much longer than the list of things which he is permitted to do. Clean streets, good government, thorough order, the best conditions of the civilized life of cities, must be secured in America by the co-operation of citizens. This is our problem, and it is a very much more difficult problem than it was in Paris under Napoleon III., or than it is in Germany to-day.

New York presents a very difficult problem, owing to its shape. It has very noble surroundings, which have been marred in some directions and which in other directions have been utilized. Its Riverside Drive, for instance, is one of the most beautiful in the country, and overlooks a landscape not commanded by any other American city, except, perhaps, Montreal and Quebec. Our streets must be accepted largely as they are, but the park system ought to be still further extended, locations for future public buildings ought to be selected, and all the details of street architecture should be carefully regulated—such as the form of the street lamps and of the street signs, and the architecture of the railway stations. No kind of construction is capable of more effective beauty than the bridge,

and the country is not lacking in examples of what can be done to bring out the beauty of a great span of iron; but too many of our bridges are built simply for strength, without the slightest reference to æsthetic expression. There is no landscape feature about New York more striking than High Bridge. No bridge ought to be built in the future which does not receive the indorsement of the Art Commission. It costs no more to make a thing beautiful than to make it ugly, and now that Americans know better, ugliness of structure is becoming an unpardonable sin.

New York has at present the largest park area in the world, but there are a great many square miles in it without a breathing-space. There are far too few small parks in Manhattan and in Brooklyn, and although there has been an effort to supply the need with some success, that success has not gone far enough. The small parks ought to be greatly increased in number. The acquisition of the Palisade Park is an important addition to the New York park system, and will become an integral part of that system. It will be connected with the city by ferries, and will add thirteen miles to the present driving area, which includes Riverside Drive, Morningside Park, Bronx Park, and connecting parkways. It is hoped in the future to connect Palisade Park with the Stony Point Reservation, and later to connect both by a drive with Tuxedo Park.

The matter of the greatest immediate importance, however, is to bring public opinion to bear on individual builders. The city is being marred by great edifices going up in every direction which are simply iron cages, without form, grace, or beauty. They represent in iron and stone pure materialism; the embodiment of what may be called the brute force of prosperity; neither in form nor in adornment do they suggest any uses of business which are not purely material. Those who love New York are watching with the greatest anxiety the buildings now going up, which are great pieces of steel framework devoid of ornament, without a suggestion of spirituality—simply a husbanding of every available foot of space for business purposes.

It is impossible to secure in American

cities the uniformity which exists in Paris, because Americans will not accept the restrictions which make the imposition of such uniformity possible; but it is possible to educate American public opinion to such a degree that no man will wish to build an ugly structure, or, if he is willing to build such a building, will not dare to face the judgment of his neighbors. The Fine Arts Federation, the Municipal Art Commission, and other organizations have a great work before them which can be done only by experts; but that work will be impossible unless there is developed in the average citizen some sense of beauty, some pride in the appearance of the town in which he lives; and out of this love and this pride can be organized a public opinion which will be as effective in the long run as the pressure of arbitrary government.



The Spectator

The Spectator was thinking of John Ruskin and his ideal earthly kingdom as he walked home from the evening service. Perhaps John Ruskin, when he dreamed his dream of "a small piece of English ground" upon which children should never be taught to sing what was meaningless to them, or, worse still, what was a falsehood upon their lips, had been to evening prayer on a twenty-second day of the month, and he, too, had heard boy choristers chant antiphonally the One Hundred and Ninth Psalm: "Let his children be fatherless . . . let no man have compassion upon his fatherless children." Had John Ruskin repressed a smile at hearing plump, rosy boys sing with heavenly sweetness, "My knees are weak through fasting; my flesh is dried up for want of fatness"? John Ruskin was not, as some believe, without a sense of humor.



So it came to pass that the Spectator and the rector of the suburban church, famous for the wonderful voices of its boy choir, had one of their long talks together that night. "Now, all that can be said, my dear Mr. Spectator, against permitting children to sing that particular psalm has equal force with many of the hymns—and that not only with children but adults." Quoting what

Matthew Arnold had said upon the subject, "Man disobeys the real law of his being in other spheres besides the sphere of conduct when he sings nine-tenths of our hymns," "I confess to strange ponderings sometimes," said he, "when the congregation are singing with the choir, and the words that certain of them are uplifting are, as I can but think, meaningless or worse upon their lips. How many of them really believe the burden of the Dies Iræ—that the day of wrath is at the door—when they, with the wicked, may be 'doomed to flames of woe unbounded'?" That composite face of a congregation has a fearful impressiveness, and that composite voice when an old familiar hymn is fervently sung, a still greater. Individualism must be suppressed in this matter, and the voice of ages of faith alone have utterance."

In this the Spectator and the rector agreed. Judged by their literary merits, few of the popular hymns would be retained. Strange that so few of the great poets had written hymns—or rather that those they had written had been failures. Was not an excess of emotionalism in our religious life to be traced to many of our hymns—and not only emotionalism, but an exaggerated sense of self-importance? As nothing was settled in the discussion, it is best unreported. The Spectator had quite forgotten what Lowell said of "Lead, Kindly Light," that hymn so universally accepted as what a hymn should be. "Newman will be remembered by that hymn, which is as far from poetry as I hope most hymns are from the ear to which they are addressed—else it would be shut to all petitions." So there are few to regret that Lowell was not on the committee for the revision of the Church Hymnal, or any other. What would John Ruskin's collection of hymns—for those children who were never to sing anything that was meaningless or false to them at least—have been like? Who could not recall wondrous interpretations of many simple old hymns in childhood—camp-meeting melodies, barbaric even in their wording, but which had laid sure basis for future spiritual insight? Here the good rector confessed that "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and many of the hymns of the Jubilee singers which he first heard

as a child, still opened the heavenly gates for him as could nothing else. "I tell you, Mr. Spectator, decreeing what a congregation shall sing and what it shall not, what children shall sing and what they shall not, is a serious matter. Had the Spectator ever heard of the old woman who, when confronted by a hard problem, would say, 'Well, now, there are *some* things we must leave to the Lord'?"



The Spectator has been turning over the pages of his great-grandmother's hymn-book. On her tombstone is a long catalogue of her virtues, "She loved to sing His praise in His temple," among others. And here is what she sang:

"And whosoever wicked is,
And enemy to the Lord,
Shall quail, yea melt, even as lambs' grease,
Or smoke that flies abroad."

"Ah, this," said the rector, "would not be 'meaningless or false' to my choir-boys!"

"Why dost withdraw thy hand aback,
And hide it in thy lap?
O pluck it out, and be not slacke
To give thy foes a rap."

And was it only a hundred years ago since this was sung in worship?

"Conceived in sin, O wretched state,
Before we draw our breath
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death."



And these were the hymns of the saints who would have cared little for "Crossing the Bar," if they had not denounced it severely. Fifty years hence how many that are now the most acceptable in our public worship will have disappeared? The Spectator could name one or two he wishes he might never hear again, consolatory as they are to many who sing them. And new hymns will be written, hymns eloquent with the holiest aspiration of the soul, voicing the unutterable. In the meantime, it greatly comforts him to know that the rector of the famous boy choir aforesaid is preparing with much research a sermon on the One Hundred and Ninth Psalm, wherein he hopes to impress upon his people, in his historical treatment of the subject, what was then unrevealed in the evolution of faith, all that was withholden from His chosen people until Christ the Son of David should be born to the world.

The City Government Question in Ohio

By George C. Sikes

THE city government question in Ohio is brought to an acute stage by the recent decision of the Supreme Court rendering invalid the charters of all the cities of that State. In consequence of the decision, the Legislature has been called by Governor Nash to meet in special session Monday, August 25, for the purpose of framing a municipal code that will satisfy the requirements of the Constitution. The ruling of the Ohio Supreme Court on the city charter question, although eminently logical in so far as the constitutional points at issue were concerned, was nevertheless sensational in that it was a reversal of the established policy of the Court for half a century.

In 1851 the people of Ohio adopted a new Constitution. Previous to that time there had been great complaint with the legislative practice of enacting special laws for cities. So the Constitution of 1851 contained a prohibition against such special legislation, and stipulated that the General Assembly should make provision by general laws for the organization of cities and villages. Almost immediately the courts were confronted with the question as to whether, under the new Constitution, cities could be classified, and different forms of government provided for the various classes. The first law made three classes, population being the basis of classification. Cities of 20,000 inhabitants or over were to constitute the first class, and cities of between 5,000 and 20,000 inhabitants were to be in the second class. A community of less than 5,000 people was to be a village. When a village passed the 5,000 mark, or when a city of the second class came to have 20,000 inhabitants or over, it passed automatically into the next class. The Supreme Court held such classification to be both logical and proper. But, having established the principle that cities could be classified, the Legislature gradually introduced refinements of classification that had not been dreamed of at the outset. And the courts, having once admitted the principle of classification,

went on reluctantly sanctioning the laws based on classifications that were growing ever more and more absurd. The cities of Ohio have been so classified that there is, as a rule, only one city in a class, and the Legislature, when passing laws applicable to this or that class, has been in fact consciously enacting special legislation for cities, as much so as if the particular city had been named in the act. For instance, last winter it was desired to put through certain "ripper" legislation for Toledo. A law was passed taking the control of the police force out of the hands of Mayor Jones and his associates, and vesting it in a bi-partisan board to be appointed by the Governor. Toledo was not mentioned by name in the act, to be sure, but it might as well have been. Another law of somewhat similar nature, except that it referred to parks instead of the police force, was enacted for Cleveland. This, of course, was the very kind of legislation the framers of the Constitution had aimed to prevent.

Mayor Jones refused to surrender control of the Toledo police force to the board named by Governor Nash. The new board began mandamus proceedings to obtain possession. About the same time a suit was brought to test the validity of the Cleveland city government act, which had been in operation for over ten years, and which had given general satisfaction to the people of Cleveland. Taking up the Toledo case first, the Supreme Court frankly discussed the whole question of special legislation for cities and the former decisions on the subject, and announced that respect for the Constitution required a change of policy. The petition for mandamus was refused. In the Cleveland case, which was an application for an order of ouster against certain city officials, the Court merely said that the reasoning of the Toledo case would apply, and the Cleveland city charter was invalid. Because of the public interests involved, however, the Court announced that the order of ouster would not be made effective until October 2, or later, if need be. There is general agreement that the reasoning in the Toledo case is hostile to

the validity of the charter of every city in Ohio.

The decisions were rendered June 26. Almost immediately thereafter Governor Nash issued the call for an extra session of the Legislature. At once, too, the Governor began the work of getting up a plan of city government applicable to all the cities of the State for submission to the Legislature when it should come together. Party leaders and influential citizens, including a committee from the State Bar Association, were called in to confer on the subject. The general plan that the Governor suggests undoubtedly will be the basis for the Legislature's action.

The question of foremost interest and importance with which the Legislature will have to wrestle is that of "home rule," especially as applied to control of the police department. The Cincinnati police force is managed by a bi-partisan board appointed by the Governor. The Legislature last winter showed its fondness for this plan of police control by trying to extend its operation to Toledo. Governor Nash is personally strongly in favor of bi-partisan police boards, named by the Governor, for all cities, and he is expected to give his official sanction to that plan, unless convinced of its inexpediency by his advisers, some of whom are strongly opposed to it. It is generally conceded that in the new code there will be but one classification for cities and one for villages. Consequently, whatever plan is proposed must apply to all cities alike, and it is anticipated that there will be in some communities very serious objection to police boards named by the Governor. The plan, too, seems to call forth considerable general criticism. There is much probability that the bi-partisan board plan, not only for the police, but for some other departments as well, will prevail, as the Governor and his most influential friends strongly favor that plan.

The board plan of city government is opposed by a very large element who want instead what is known as the federal plan, the essence of which is concentration of administrative responsibility in the Mayor. This plan has its best exemplification in the government of Cleveland. The departments in Cleveland have single heads, who are named by the Mayor and who constitute his cabinet. For certain pur-

poses the Mayor and his cabinet are a board of control, the duties of which are both legislative and administrative. The Mayor and his cabinet members each have a seat and a voice in the City Council, but no vote therein. The critics of the federal plan say that it enables the Mayor, because of his large powers, to build up a "machine," and cite McKisson and Johnson, of Cleveland, as examples. The champions of the federal plan, in defense, assert that the head of such a machine, if it be a machine, is at least directly responsible to the people for the power he exercises, and that he cannot continue to hold power without the support of the people. On the other hand, they contend that in Cincinnati, where the board plan prevails, the power is wielded by George B. Cox, an irresponsible political "boss," who probably could not continue to exercise control under a system of direct responsibility, such as the federal plan furnishes.

Another question that must receive considerable attention is that of civil service reform, however much some influential elements would like to have it ignored. Ohio cities are backward in the matter of civil service regulations. There appears to be a strong sentiment in the State in favor of improvement in this respect, however, and at a time when an entirely municipal code is under consideration this sentiment will demand recognition.

The question of franchise policy has more interest just at this time for Cleveland probably than for any other Ohio city. The street railway grants in Cleveland begin to expire soon, and the companies have been unable thus far to secure renewals, and they consider Mayor Johnson and the present City Council hostile to their interests. Senator Hanna, who of course is very powerful in the councils of the code-makers, is the principal figure in the Cleveland street-railway field. There will be serious opposition to any plan for taking the franchise-granting power out of the hands of the Mayor and City Council. But a suggestion has been made, of which more may be heard later, that, in case of disagreement between the Council and an applicant for a franchise, appeal might be made to the courts, which should have then the power to determine the terms on which the grant shall

be made. There would be a precedent for this in Ohio in the present law relative to grants to telegraph and telephone companies. The Nash code as it will be submitted to the Legislature will not provide for any extension of the power of cities to own and manage their public utilities, and it is doubtful if the majority in the Legislature will favor the enlargement of city powers in the direction of municipal ownership.

An organization known as the Ohio State Board of Commerce has formulated and presented to the public a code bill, the essential feature of which is that every city shall be privileged to draw up its own charter under a general grant of powers from the Legislature and to determine its own form of organization within specified limits. This plan, which is in use in California and in two or three other Western States, has called forth considerable favorable newspaper comment.

Mayor Johnson, of Cleveland, and the element in the Legislature friendly to him

will have a general plan of city government to champion as opportunity may offer. At the outset, Mayor Johnson says, he and his friends will stand ready to support any wise measure proposed. But he also boldly declares that if the work of code-making is not done right now it will have to be undone by the Legislature to be chosen next year. Mayor Johnson stands for the largest possible measure of home rule for cities. He is in favor of the federal plan as opposed to the board plan of government. He believes in civil service regulations, and he wants the Legislature to confer on cities the power to own and manage their public utilities. It is expected that the position of the Democrats, under the leadership of Mayor Johnson, will be set forth definitely in the platform of the Democratic State Convention that is to meet September 2, about a week after the assembling of the Legislature in special session to consider the municipal code question.

Should Southern Whites Aid Negro Schools? A Southerner's View

By Clarence H. Poe

Editor of "The Progressive Farmer," Raleigh, N. C.

FROM several counties of the Black Belt of North Carolina within the last few months there have come rumors of a popular demand for some plan for dividing the school fund between the races in the proportion of the amount of taxes paid by each—the withdrawal of white support from negro schools. Against this suggested policy Governor Aycock, ex-Governor James, and other educational leaders have squarely set their faces, risking their own popularity in some degree in defense of what they regard as right. For it cannot be denied that there is an element, not too small to deserve consideration, that does not approve of universal education. Just now these men are laying the greatest stress on the fact that our newly adopted Constitutional Amendment provides an educational qualification for voters, and that the education of the negro means his

return to political power—"the virtual undoing of the Amendment," they say. Moreover, it is shown that the whites now pay the expense of their own public schools and more than two-thirds of the cost of the negro schools; it is asserted that the entire amount is needed for the education of white boys and girls.

Quite plausible and rather alluring arguments are these; it must be admitted that they possess considerable force. And yet a careful study of the problem will show that, even from an ultra-Southern standpoint, there are good grounds for Governor Aycock's position—good reasons for the belief that to abandon our time-honored policy for the one now proposed would work injury to both races.

In the first place, it is probable that the scheme is a will-o'-the-wisp; that it could not be put into execution even if its advocates were able to secure the repeal of

those provisions of our State Constitution that now conflict with it. For learned lawyers believe that the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States presents obstacles that could not be overcome.

The righteousness of the measure may also be questioned—as it was questioned by an honored judge and Democratic leader who said to the writer recently: “It would not be right, it would be unworthy a strong Christian people, to withhold the light from this weak and needy race.”

It appears, therefore, that in the consideration of this scheme three questions demand attention:

Is it constitutional?

Is it righteous?

Is it expedient?

In this article only the last of these interrogatories shall have attention.

We believe that the proposed change is inexpedient because—

1. It would destroy the foundation of our public-school system.

2. It would aggravate, not alleviate, the Southern race problem.

As to the first of these propositions: The great bed-rock truth on which our scheme of public education is based is that (the rank and power of peoples being in proportion to their intelligence) ignorance, wherever found, without regard to sex or race or condition, is inimical to the peace, progress, and prosperity of the commonwealth; that it is, like crime, the common enemy of all the people, and that all must work together for its suppression; that, as the State can leave to no one class the punishment of the criminals of that class, but must itself assume the task of warring against crime whose presence injures all, so the State must war against illiteracy, allowing the indifference or incompetence of no class to foster this enemy of the general welfare.

Suppose we should allow the rich to say to the poor, or the whites to the blacks, “Build your own jails, pay your own judges, punish your own criminals; what have we to do with crime in your ranks?” By that act we should abandon the principle that crime is the common enemy of all the people, to be controlled and punished by the State as the representative of all the people, and pave the

way for virtual anarchy. So, when we allow one race to say to another, “Build your own school-houses, pay your own teachers, educate your own children: what have we to do with ignorance in your ranks?” we uproot the foundation of our public-school system and pave the way for anarchy in educational matters. For if ignorance is not the common enemy of white and black, how are we to prove that it is the common enemy of rich and poor, or of Catholic and Protestant, or of Baptist and Methodist, townsman and countryman? To illustrate: Suppose we let the wealthier race now say to the poorer race, “We are tired of having to pay taxes to educate your children. Take what is your own and educate your children; we will use our money on our children.” What then should we answer—as Governor Aycock suggested to the writer a few days ago—if ten years later the old aristocratic idea should show itself by the rich white man saying to the poor white man, “If it is not right to compel a rich race to aid the education of a poor race, neither is it right to compel a rich class to aid the education of a poor class. I am tired of paying taxes to educate your children: educate your own and I will educate mine.”

Positively inevitable is the conclusion that the adoption of the proposed policy would mean the breaking up of the foundation principle of our educational system. Who can say what the end would be?

In the second place, as I have said, the proposed change is inexpedient because “it would aggravate, not alleviate, the Southern race problem.” To put it more plainly, it would produce a result exactly contrary to that predicted by the extremists who advocate it—just as short-sighted extremists in the North have seen their policy of wholesale negro enfranchisement make the South solidly Democratic, instead of solidly Republican as they expected.

For nearly four decades the Southern white man has borne the burden of negro education. When he came home from the war with little left save hope and honor, he assumed it. The carpetbagger came, and the negro was instrumental in forcing on the South the most vicious and

corrupt government that this country has seen; yet I believe that the white people of no Southern State, coming to their own again, attempted to withdraw aid from negro schools. To abandon now, in our day of greater strength and prosperity, the policy that we have maintained through all these years of trial and tempest, would widen the breach between the races, would break the most patent tie by which we may properly guide and influence the negro, and would endanger the Southern policy of suffrage restriction which we regard as best for both races.

"The negroes are a child race," as Dr. Felix Adler says, and both races would suffer if the guiding hand of the white man were removed from the educational work of this child race. The negro would suffer because of his inability to choose wise leaders; the white man would suffer because of the improper training of this people whose destiny is to be somehow interwoven with that of the South, whether or not we shut our eyes to this fact. As it is now, the white people pay the taxes; they control the government. Supporting and managing the negro schools, it is in our power to adapt the negro's education to his needs, and select the worthiest and safest black men to direct the education and influence the principles of the young negroes. Of all the methods of leading the negro in right paths, of all the methods of promoting right relations between the races, this is the most practicable and powerful. If we have not heretofore improved the opportunity, the fault is our own; we have intelligence enough for the task, and the machinery is at our command.

On the other hand, were we to withdraw aid from negro schools, we should at the same time withdraw control over them; and in our stead would come perhaps new and unworthy leaders, allied with misguided, long-range philanthropists. For the negro schools would not be closed if the Southern whites should refuse to aid them longer. They would be maintained by offended blacks and by negro sympathizers in all parts of the country. So far from promoting peace, as they may now be made to do, it is not hard to believe that the negro schools, supported by such a combination of elements, would become instruments of strife and disorder throughout the South. For

the spirit of the new era would say to the negro: "You are now under no obligations to the Southern white man for your education. You are now to be educated, not by his aid, but in spite of him, and his influence should count for nothing in your schools. Your real friends are in the North; keep yourself in sympathy with them rather than with the people among whom you are to live and work."

The real result of the suggested change in the division of the school fund would be, not fewer educated negroes, but fewer negroes educated under proper influences, and a vastly larger number educated beyond the control of the Southern white man and in an atmosphere calculated to produce constant friction between the races and between the sections.

In yet another and hardly less important way would this proposed change injuriously affect the South. It would seriously endanger the new suffrage regulations of the Southern States. It would result in a hostile Northern attitude toward them, possibly in unfavorable action by Congress and the Supreme Court. So long as the Southern whites show their friendship for the negro by providing liberal school facilities for the race whose illiterates they disfranchise, so long may our "grandfather clauses" and "understanding clauses" pass unassailed. But if the less conservative element of the Southern people should ever succeed in forcing the abandonment of negro education, it would be regarded as having a direct bearing on our educational suffrage qualifications, and as proof too striking to be longer disregarded of an intention to violate the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution. What wayfaring man cannot see that this agitation by the more violent element of our population may cause the new and untried structure so painfully wrought out by the South to sway and totter and collapse?

Aside from the matter of injury to the school system, therefore, it is easy to meet on their own ground the advocates of the proposed change, for there is enough to show that the Black Peril of the South would gain new terrors, not lose old ones, by turning over the education of the negroes to fanatics and foreigners, and knocking out the most substantial prop by which our suffrage regulations are

upheld. This is clearly a case in which it is "better to bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of."

It will be very easy for some one to say that I have not taken high ground in this article. Let me repeat, therefore, that I have discussed only the expediency of the question under consideration. The Outlook, adding to its other merits that

of fairness to the South, has won perhaps a larger circulation among Southern leaders of thought than any other National journal of like character, and my object has been to set before these leaders some perils of this old but ever-threatening scheme, perils that as yet have gone practically unnoticed by the larger number of Southern editors and Southern educators.

Memories of a Hundred Years¹

By Edward Everett Hale

XI.

PERSONAL—TEXAS, KANSAS, AND NEBRASKA

WITH the last half of the century my own personal recollections begin to play their part in these memoirs. I believe I have said here somewhere that I was cradled in the sheets of a newspaper. This is certain, that from the year 1834, when I was a boy of twelve, I had had the pleasure of seeing in print in the "Advertiser" some scrap or other which my father had permitted me to translate or to write for the newspaper. That was his way of bringing up his children—to make them share in the life of the elders of the family, not to say of the time. If when I was thirteen years old he had told me to sail the Channel Fleet, I should have taken it for granted that I could do so, because he bade me; and I should have assumed the duty as cheerfully as Lord John Russell would have done. Under this principle, when I was nineteen I was reporter in the Massachusetts Legislature, with the duty, not of writing out speeches at length, but of abridging them and giving their tenor. I suppose that from that hour to this no month of my life has passed in which I have not written more or less for the journals of the day. In the high tide of 1854 and 1855 I was contributing the leading articles for ten papers, in New England and New York, on subjects which had to do with Kansas emigration.

All this means that I have had more than the average share of personal intercourse with public men.

I have already spoken of the election of 1828 in which John Quincy Adams was defeated by General Jackson. I was then six years old. I afterwards met Mr. Adams, who was always very kind to me, when he was easily the first member of the House of Representatives, in the year 1845. For, the moment he was proposed as a member of Congress in his own district, which was as early as 1830, it was settled that that district would never have any member excepting him while he lived. This was the old Plymouth Colony District, including also some towns, of which Quincy was one, from the "Bay." Even while the distinction remained in Massachusetts which separated "Cotton Whigs" from "Conscience Whigs," and gave to the "Cotton Whigs" a majority in the State, the "Conscience Whigs" and their natural allies, the Abolitionists, always sent the "Old Man Eloquent," as we called him, to his place. That phrase is Milton's, when he speaks of Isocrates. Mr. Adams was sixty-four years old when, after he had been President once, he entered Congress for the second time. That was magnificent.

As the North began to understand that the so-called successes of the Democratic party meant simply that the Northern States were the bobs in the tail of the Southern kite, Mr. Adams became more and more popular among the malcontents of the North. He enjoyed this popularity, which showed itself in some very tender ways. There was a fine expression of a steamboat captain on the Ohio, who wished to God that "we could take the engine out of the old Adams and put it

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in a new hull." Mr. Adams never spoke in Congress, even when the Democratic leaders there meant to censure him publicly, but that every one crowded around him to hear him. And on one or two critical occasions he assumed, without hesitation, the position which the Dean of the House, or its natural leader, deserved.

This gave the more interest to the readiness with which at home he took the duties of any citizen of Norfolk County. I remember him in 1847, in the simplest detail of our democratic life in New England, when he presided as Moderator of the Congregational Council which ordained William Alger. He was a lay delegate for the church in Quincy with Dr. Lunt in what is called the Council, in Congregational matters, of perhaps five and twenty neighboring parishes. He was chosen Moderator of the assembly, and, in the fine Congregational ritual, it was his business to announce to the assembly that the "Council has agreed to proceed with the ordination" of the gentleman who had been chosen by the parish as its minister.

When his son published twelve volumes of his father's memoirs, he printed one of the most interesting contributions to our American history. Son and grandsons have built an elegant fireproof building to contain the annals of the family. You enter by the lordly fireplace, you turn to the right, and there is the diary of the first Adams when he left college in 1755. You walk on and you walk on, turning the corners as they come, and at the fireplace end, after your walk, a hundred paces more or less, you have seen the manuscript history of America in the diaries and correspondence of two Presidents and of that Minister to England who spoke the decisive word which saved England and America from a third war. Some day, when the secrets of to-day can be uncovered, some one will print in twenty volumes more the rest of John Quincy Adams's diary, which the prudence of his son Charles Francis Adams suppressed when those twelve were published.

As I have said, I have spoken with all the Presidents, after the first Harrison, excepting Buchanan, Taylor, and Cleveland. I am not sure about Garfield, though I had, at one time, some correspondence with him.

In the winter of 1843 and 1844 I spent a good deal of time with my father in the State of Pennsylvania. He was engaged in some important financial arrangements in connection with the internal improvements of that State, and at that time I had a good deal to do with wire ropes and inclined planes and other machinery of transportation which is long since forgotten.

On some occasion, I forget what, when he was recalled to Boston, I took my holiday by going to Washington. A branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway had recently been opened. As I stood on Pennsylvania Avenue looking east and looking west, I had a curious feeling of disappointment, which I have experienced since in my first view of other cities and places, because I was a little too well prepared for what I saw. The Capitol looked exactly as it did in the pictures. I knew that the avenue was wide and beggarly and crude; and I said to myself in a sort of heart-sick way, "Is this what one gains by travel? A man might as well stay at home."

But all this did not last. The matchless hospitality of Washington asserted itself then, when Washington was a little Virginia town dumped in a mud-hole, as it does now, when Washington is one of the finest cities in the world. I do not remember the detail, but I do remember that under the protection and auspices of Judge Story, who had been a friend of mine all through my college life, I was pleasantly housed in the lodging-house where the Northern members of the Supreme Court lived. I had put myself in communication with Edward Webster, son of Daniel Webster, who was in some sort a god-brother of mine, if there is any such relationship, for we were within a year's age of each other, and he had been named, as I had been named, for Edward Everett. He had gone to Dartmouth College, because it was his father's college, and I had gone to Cambridge about the same time, but we often met and were close friends. Edward carried me at once to his father's modest house, and I was welcomed there with the same hospitality as if I had still been a boy of six years playing in the stable of the old Webster house in Summer Street. Then and there I made my first acquaintance with the city

of Washington. I went to the little Unitarian church at Washington on the only Sunday which I spent there. This church was almost a historical edifice, having been built in the early days of the Unitarian controversy, as we call it, by an accomplished circle of English gentlemen who lived in Washington then. They represented historically Priestley's view of the Unitarian revival and the view of the Englishmen who surrounded him, as nothing which I had read or seen in Boston did.

I think that it was as I went into the church on Sunday morning that George Abbot met me and took me into his seat. He was afterwards one of my most intimate and personal friends, and it is with special pleasure that I write these words about one of the men who was ready to help the world forward in any way, and who was a distinguished agent in helping it forward, though his name scarcely ever appears in the newspapers. Abbot had been four years before me in college, so that he knew me by sight; in fact, he entered at the Cambridge Divinity School, meaning to follow the profession of his father, who had recently died. Abbot knew that I had been preparing myself for ministerial life, and asked me at once if in the autumn of that year I would not come and preach in Washington. He was one of the Standing Committee of the Unitarian church. This incident, or accident, as you may choose to call it, opened up an acquaintance with the city of Washington which has lasted from that day to this day. I lived in Washington as their minister from October 1, 1844, to the 3d of March, 1845. They asked me to remain and be their permanent minister, but I declined. I was very much tempted by the proposal, but I did not accept it. I knew perfectly well that there was to be a gulf of fire between the North and the South before things went much further; and I really distrusted my own capacity at the age of twenty-three to build a bridge which should take us over.

THE ANNEXATION OF TEXAS

The winter of 1844-45 was one which we then thought a crisis winter, and I have thought so from that time to this. John Tyler was President. To say nothing

worse of him, he was the weakest man, excepting Franklin Pierce, who was ever President, and he was the most ignorant man of the duties of the Presidency, with perhaps another exception. The Whigs had put him on their ticket with Governor William Henry Harrison, by way of showing that they were not a Northern party, as they were. They had had triumphant success. They had swept from its throne the old coalition between the slaveholding States and the slums of New York City, and they enjoyed their triumph—for one month. Harrison then died, and the great, successful Whig party had on its hands John Tyler. He was what the politicians call a "sorehead," who outwent in his devotion to the slaveholding interest anything which the defeated Mr. Van Buren would have done, "the Northern man with Southern principles."

To return to the year 1844. Mr. Tyler had made a Cabinet which men used to call "a Corporal's Guard," because it was supposed to have no party behind it. But when the project for the annexation of Texas came up, the most of the old Democratic party rallied to his support.

The whole slaveholding interest was, from the nature of the institution of slavery, a solid corporation which moved instinctively as one body. The nation of Texas had issued bonds which were owned by a handful of enterprising and very skillful operators, and by the time Congress met in December, 1844, the plans for the annexation of Texas were well forward and had the complete approval of President Tyler and his Cabinet. In a review of the history of the intrigue, addressed to his constituents in 1842, Mr. Adams said that in a debate in 1837 on the subject he "disclosed the whole system of duplicity and perfidy toward Mexico which had marked the Jackson Administration from its commencement to its close. It silenced the clamors for the annexation of Texas to this Union for three years till the catastrophe of the Van Buren Administration. The people of the free States were lulled into the belief that the whole project was abandoned and that they should hear no more of slave-trade cravings for the annexation of Texas. Had Harrison lived they would have heard no more of them to this day, but no sooner was John Tyler

installed in the President's house than nullification and Texas and war with Mexico rose again upon the surface, with eye steadily fixed upon the polar star of Southern slave-dealing supremacy in the Government of the Union."

For myself I have always to this time counted it a piece of great good fortune of my own that I spent this winter of 1844-45 in Washington. I arrived there early in October. I remained there until the 3d of March, 1845, the day before Mr. Polk's inauguration. I remember that I was too angry to be willing to stay to see his inauguration on the 4th. But Mr. Everett took me to call upon him, I think at the National Hotel, so that I heard them in frank conversation with each other. In the same way I had seen Mr. Calhoun and heard them talk. Mr. Calhoun was, at this period, Mr. Tyler's Secretary of State.

If I give anywhere any account of the personal impression Mr. Tyler made on me, it must be on another page. On this page I wish I could make the reader see what the struggle of that winter was as it appeared to unsophisticated Northern eyes.

Physically, Texas is a paradise, and always has been, since its written history began. I have never been in southern Mexico, but I think I know something of Mexico; and I have seen every State between New Brunswick and the Rio Grande. I am quite sure that Texas, as large a region as France, has by far the finest natural advantages of any region between Labrador and the Isthmus of Panama. It seems therefore a little queer that while Mexico got itself well settled by Europeans, even in Cortes's times, and while there were Frenchmen in Canada and Englishmen in Virginia as early as Jamestown, there were no Spanish settlements of wider range than military posts in the whole of Texas. This is the more queer because you find passages which show that intelligent people knew how fine a country it was. Thus, old Judge Sewall, two hundred years ago, has one of his fine weird visions in which he suggests that the New Jerusalem will be established there.

I suppose the truth to be that the Spanish Governors of Mexico were afraid of English and American aggression on the

north, and meant to keep a desert between the Mississippi and their silver-mines. Under that policy they murdered Philip Nolan in 1801; kept all his companions prisoners until they died, except Blackburn, whom they hanged; and they arrested Captain Pike and his party when they had strayed into the valley of the Rio Grande in 1809. The idea of a dividing zone which should be virtually a desert between rival nations was a familiar notion to the old-fashioned statesman. Somehow or other it happened in Burr's time, and for twenty years after, that what people would call a Texas fever got hold of the adventurous pioneer population of the Southwest; and early in the twenties there appear the names of such men as Stephen Austin, Samuel Houston, and, later down, of David Crockett, who had determined to break in on this hedged-up paradise. As the Mexican States broke off from Spain and became republics, it became more and more easy to obtain grants of land of one sort and another. The old Spanish Government had almost always refused such grants, but the revolutionists were much more easy.

In 1833 the settlers on such grants gained confidence enough in their own numbers and in the hope of enlarging those numbers to make a constitution for themselves, and in 1836, after various vicissitudes, to declare their independence. This was followed, almost of course, by an invasion of Mexican troops; and it is to be observed from the experience of the next five and twenty years that the Mexican soldier is an admirable soldier. They crushed at first the fighting force of Texas. That horrible massacre of the Alamo took place, black among the blackest incidents even of Spanish folly and cruelty, and was followed by the inevitable retaliation of the battle of San Jacinto. In this fight the Mexican army was annihilated in half an hour by the Texans, and, fortunately for them, General Santa Anna, its commander, the President of Mexico, was taken prisoner. The Texan army which had triumphed was made up of men whose comrades had been brutally murdered after the capture of the Alamo. It was said at the time that when the poor Mexican soldiers, who had been surprised in their afternoon siesta, found themselves the prisoners of the Texans

they would sob out "Me no Alamo," meaning that they were not concerned in that brutal massacre. This was in the year 1836. From that moment the independence of Texas seemed possible. The United States Government had attempted to purchase the province under every Administration after Monroe's. Indeed, the affectation had been kept up that the Province of Texas, between the Sabine and the Rio del Norte, belonged to the Province of Louisiana, and that our line should have been drawn at the Del Norte, and not at the Sabine.

Now that Texas was established as an independent State, with the flag of the "Lone Star," a steady purpose showed itself on the part of its rulers to annex themselves to the United States. The Southern leaders, including the President, John Tyler, saw of course the immense advantage that so magnificent a province would give to them. The slaveholding interest could not but lend itself to the annexation of this province to the United States without reserve. Besides this, alas! there were the men who owned the bonds of the "Lone Star" State, which had been hardly worth the paper they were written on. But if Texas became a part of the United States these bonds would be enlarged immensely in value. It was said at the time, and I believe, that waverers who had to be conciliated to the Southern cause accepted these bonds as part payment for their votes.

The annexation of Texas then became the crucial test which should show how far the Northern States and the Western States did or did not care for slavery in the abstract. A man might say, with a perfectly good conscience, that South Carolina could regulate her own laws with regard to slavery, while he could not say, with a good conscience, that slavery should exist in Texas, or that the United States should annex a slaveholding region. On this issue Mr. Polk had been chosen President, as representing the South and the Southern interests. Mr. Clay had been rejected because the anti-slavery men of New York did not believe that he was sound as to the extension of slavery. The whole session of Congress of the winter of 1844-45 was practically given to the solution of this question. In that session Mr. Adams

and the North triumphed, when in December the House received petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, which it had steadily refused to do before. But as the month of March opened, it proved that in the Texas business the South was victorious. Up to the first day of March, we Northern men had supposed that the Senate would reject what was called the "joint resolution," which had passed the House, which provided for the annexation. The form of the joint resolution had been taken because it was known that no treaty for annexation could go through the Senate. We supposed that we had a majority of one in the Senate.

On the morning of the second of March I called on Mr. Rufus Choate at the Senate Chamber, and called him out from his seat.

"I am going to Boston, Mr. Choate. What shall I tell my father?"

"Tell him we are beaten, Mr. Hale—we are beaten, *magno praelio victi sumus*. We have been beaten in a great battle."

The truth was, as I suppose, that President Tyler had told Senator Merrick—a weak Senator from Maryland—that if he would vote for annexation his son should be made Judge in the District Court of Columbia. Such was, at least, the scandal of the time. The son was made Judge of that Court, receiving a position which he held until his death, and the father, who had been chosen as a Whig, voted for annexation.

For myself, I went back to Boston most eager to carry out what I thought to be the true policy of the Northern States. I have never changed my opinion. The whole North was angry with what seemed a trick which had been played upon it. This same North was sending westward thousands of emigrants every year; and here was this magnificent province lying empty. How certain it is that if the wave of free emigration could have been turned into Texas then, evils untold of would have been prevented. On the other hand, I am afraid it is as certain that human slavery would not have been abolished in the older States for another generation.

But my own duty seemed to me clear enough. I gave my first days after I returned to Boston to writing an earnest

appeal for the immediate settlement of Texas from the Northern States. "How to Conquer Texas before Texas Conquers Us," this was the title of my pamphlet. I printed it at my own cost, and I am yet to meet with the first person, outside the circle of my immediate friends, who ever read those sixteen pages. No, I must except the proof-reader of that edition and the proof-reader of the eighth volume of my standard edition, in which I reprinted it fifty-six years afterwards.

I was ready to go myself in any capacity. I had fancied, in the innocence of twenty-two years of age, that we could arrest attention to such a plan—that the men with money would contribute money and that the men of courage would ally themselves together; and even, as certain men went from Leyden to Massachusetts Bay in 1620, a body of us would go to Texas in 1845. But no, mine was a voice crying in the wilderness. No man went or proposed to go.

All the same, I like to say now that the solution proposed was well founded on the social conditions of the middle of the century.

THE NEBRASKA BILL

When, nine years afterwards, in the beginning of the year 1854, with a sublime audacity, won by success, the Southern leaders determined to overthrow the Missouri Compromise, the same opportunity for the direction of free emigration presented itself to another man in Massachusetts as the solution to be attempted then.

The Nebraska Bill, still so called in conversation at the North, though it was for many years the law of the land, was introduced in the Senate. It violated the promises of the Missouri Compromise by throwing open the territory west of Arkansas and Missouri and Iowa to the institution of slavery. The North was on fire at once at a violation so disgraceful of a compact which had been loyally respected for thirty-four years. And Eli Thayer, a schoolmaster of Worcester, Massachusetts, called on the Legislature to organize the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Company. He was a member of the Legislature for the city of Worcester. It was not a plan of an old anti-slavery war-horse. It was a plan which

proposed to meet the South on its own terms, familiarly known as "squatter sovereignty." It authorized a capital of five million dollars in establishing settlements at the West. The charter was rushed through both Houses of the Legislature at once, and was signed by Governor Washburn on the 26th day of April, 1854. This was a month before the Nebraska Bill was signed by Franklin Pierce, then President. On the 4th of May the petitioners accepted the charter. Massachusetts picked up the gauntlet, it has been said, before it was thrown down.

In point of fact, the friends of the movement acted under a quiet, private organization through the whole of the year 1854, and a more valuable working charter was obtained for the New England Emigrant Aid Company in the next winter. That company still exists. Before May, 1855, thirty thousand dollars were subscribed and spent. Eventually, the company raised and spent one hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars. The first company of emigrants went under the direction of its executive in August of 1854. Dr. Charles Robinson, who afterwards became Governor of Kansas, was the leader.

When this New England Emigrant Aid Company organized, the largest subscriber was John Carter Brown, a millionaire merchant of Providence. He was chosen the first President of the new organization.

Mr. Eli Thayer was a near neighbor of mine in Worcester, and as soon as I knew of his prompt and wise movement I went over to see him, showed him my Texas pamphlet, and told him I was ready to take hold anywhere. He was very glad to have a man Friday so near at hand. There was enough for all of us to do. We called meetings in all available places, and went to speak or sent speakers wherever we were called for. Colonies formed themselves in all the larger towns of New England, and before the end of 1855 we had sent out four or five thousand settlers into Kansas. It is fair to say that every man in this company went for the purpose of making Kansas a free State and to give a like privilege to all other States. No man went with the primary purpose of enriching himself or his family. What followed was that Kansas has always been a State of idealists.

When the Civil War, so called, came for the whole Nation, Kansas, which had tasted war for six years already, furnished a larger proportion of soldiers to the Union army than any other State did.

The books of the Emigrant Aid Companies show that the Central Company spent in the year 1854 \$23,623.73. Before the spring of the next year the expenditure had been \$96,956.01. In 1862 the company sold all its property in Kansas. It had then raised and expended \$136,000. It retained its claim on the General Government for destroying by military force the hotel at Lawrence. For this investment no subscriber ever received any return except in the success of the enterprise in its great object, the freedom of that western empire.

Local societies were formed in various sections—working in their own fashion. Mr. Thayer arranged for a meeting in the city of New York among other places. It was not large, but it was enthusiastic. Among other people present was William M. Evarts, afterwards Secretary of State, then a lawyer of good prospects in the city, but not so well known as afterwards. Mr. Evarts made a speech in which he said that he supposed he was worth four thousand dollars, and he subscribed one thousand of it to the new enterprise.

Most fortunately for the country, the Southern oligarchy and their coadjutors in Missouri took the alarm more seriously than they needed to have done. Mr. Thayer had boldly named five million dollars as the capital for his new company. While we were doing our best to bring together the twenty thousand dollars which we spent in 1854, every paper in Missouri and farther South was announcing that we had five millions at our command. This announcement answered our purpose almost as well as if it had been true. And I think that no single cause stimulated the Western emigration into Kansas more than the announcement and belief that rich New England capitalists were investing five million dollars there.

The plan of Mr. Thayer was very simple, and it is really a pity that it has not been carried out, even in some of its details, to the present day. I am fond of saying and I believe that it was the beginning of "personally conducted" parties, such as the Cooks take over the

world to-day. We would announce at our office that, say, on the third of August we should send a company to Kansas. We corresponded with the railway companies to know which would give us the cheapest terms. We peddled through tickets to the people who came to us at the wholesale price. Then we appointed a competent person to take charge of the party. In this way men who went forward with the first parties could send their women or even their little children in subsequent parties, without coming back to take them over the route. It was one of the jokes of the time that when one of Frank Pierce's pro-slavery Governors was sent out he and his secretaries bought their tickets of one of our agents, so that we "personally conducted" them. If this were true, and I think it was, we had no right to complain.

We never gave a penny to a settler unless he was engaged to do work for us. And the people who said that we took out paupers did not know how many substantial men and women were eager to go into Kansas.

We offered a prize for the best marching song for emigrants. Miss Larcom won the prize, and there is a pretty story about a body of her young friends who found out that she had won it before she knew it herself, and sang it under her window in the morning. Whittier wrote for us a capital marching song or "song of degrees:"

We cross the prairies, as of old
Our fathers crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free.

When one of these companies came to the new territory, our business with the individuals of whom it was composed was at an end. But, naturally, people who had started out together liked to keep together, and such people would take up their lands together under the Homestead Act.

Where agents could, they established a steam-engine for cutting lumber. In Lawrence we established a printing-press at which the "Herald of Freedom" was printed, and, eventually, we established presses in some other towns. I remember that the handbills which we circulated for calling meetings, at some of which I spoke, were headed "Sawmills and Liberty." The theory which we were

impressing was that towns were the bulwarks of freedom; that if people would help the settlers by establishing their saw-mills, they would form so many central points where freedom would gather; and all this proved precisely true.

The movement became so extensive that in the United States Senate a careful report was made vilifying it in the worst style of the arrogance of the Southern leaders of that day. In an immense collection of letters of that time, I find two or three from Charles Sumner which are worth printing:

Washington, 1st March, '56.

My dear Hale:

I wish I could have the advantage of direct conversation with you for a brief hour on Kansas.

It is clear that this Congress will do nothing for the benefit of Kansas. In the House we are weak; in the Senate powerless. This Know-Nothing shadow has demoralized Northern Representatives. In the Senate, the small squad of Republicans constitute the only reliable friends. Nothing can be expected from Cass or Douglas. The latter in executive session on Sherman's case expressed great indignation with him for condescending to make a treaty with rebels at Lawrence.

To what point, then, should we address ourselves? The first question will be on Reeder's case. This belongs exclusively to the House, but the facts evolved there will throw light on the whole subject.

Then comes the application for admission into the Union. Here is a difficulty arising (1) from the small population at the time the Constitution was adopted, and (2) from the slender support it received at the polls, owing doubtless to the invasion then proceeding.

How shall these matters be dealt with? Pray let me have your counsels.

Of course the pretended Legislature and its acts must be exposed as invalid. But what next? Clearly, there must be a Government there; and the promptest way of getting it is by the recognition of the new Constitution. But this will be exposed as lacking what will be called entirety.

I know your interest in the question, and therefore make no apology for this hasty note.

Ever sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

Senate Chamber, 13th March, '56.

My dear Hale:

You will read Douglas's elaborate assault on the Emigrant Aid Company. Allow me to suggest to you to have the Company present a memorial to the Senate directly, responsive to this assault, point by point, and vindicating its simple rights. On this lead I need not give you any hints.

The memorial should be as short as is consistent with a complete statement of the case; but it should be a document that will make

the position of the Company understood by the country.

The whole atrocity in Kansas is now vindicated as a National counter-movement to the Emigrant Aid Company, and your Company is gibbeted before the country as a criminal.

I venture to suggest that this be attended to at once. But I leave it all to your discretion.

Ever faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P.S.—To me this assault is quite natural, for I have long known that the Slave Power sticks at nothing!

Senate Chamber, Monday.

Dear Hale:

If you send a memorial, let it be addressed to the Senate and House, and sent on in duplicate, one copy for the Senate and the other for the House.

I write you because I know you.

Ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

The last of these letters was written three days before Brooks struck Sumner on the head in the Senate Chamber and silenced his voice for the years which followed. On Wednesday of the same week, the day before the Brooks assault, a force from Missouri, under the direction of the United States Marshal, and with a body of United States soldiers, under Colonel Sumner, burned our hotel and Governor Robinson's house, destroyed our printing-press, and plundered several storehouses. Our settlers, as law-abiding citizens, would not oppose the United States authority.

To me personally it is an interesting memorial of the time that the next week we held a public meeting in Faneuil Hall in Boston to pass judgment on the two atrocities which happened so close to each other, that of the 23d of May and that of the 24th. On that occasion, on the platform of Faneuil Hall, I introduced my father, who had been then for forty years the editor of the "Daily Advertiser," the leading Whig paper, to Henry Wilson, the United States Senator who had taken the place of Edward Everett in the United States Senate. Here were two men, now wholly at one in the handling of the slavery question, who had never spoken to each other until on that platform they met together. The incident was a good illustration of the way in which the Nebraska Bill had closed up the ranks in the Northern opposition to slavery. For the "Advertiser" and my father represented the friends of Mr. Webster, and had loyally supported him, on the ground of their

readiness to give and take what had been promised in the Missouri Compromise. Now they were set free.

I had meant and wished to print here some of the curious details of the Kansas Settlement for which the materials are at my hand. I am now the President of the Emigrant Aid Company. But space is space and a page is a page, so that I must reserve them for some other place and time. The first election in the Territory showed that armed men from Missouri meant to take its organization into their hands. The settlers had to arm themselves; and at their request our officers made the purchase of Sharp's rifles, which won a place in

history. At one time Henry Ward Beecher was nicknamed Sharp's Rifle Beecher because he had contributed to the Rifle Fund. Here is a letter which marks the date in history:

Sharp's Rifle Manufacturing Co.,
Hartford, May 7, 1855.

*Thos. H. Webb, Esq., Sec. of N. E. Emig.
Aid Co.:*

Dear Sir—Annexed find invoice of one hundred carbines, ammunition, etc., ordered Mr. Deitzler, this morning. For balance of account, I have ordered on Messrs. Lee, Higginson & Co., thirty days from this date, \$2,155.65, as directed by you. . . .

Your obedient servant,

J. C. PALMER,
President.

A Dinner of Herbs

By Mary Tracy Earle

I.

THE marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Grayson-Keener had been no ordinary marriage. Even their names had joined fortunes, and, from being Mrs. Grayson and Mr. Keener, they became Mr. and Mrs. Grayson-Keener. In their parlor a portrait of the late Mr. Grayson, carefully veiled in mosquito-netting, confronted with a wan smile a portrait of the first Mrs. Keener, seeming perennially to telegraph to her, "Good thing we're out of it, don't you think?"—while that lady, a dark-eyed, flower-crowned sylph, done in smoothest oils, gazed down commiseratingly through her mosquito-bar at Mr. Grayson-Keener's chair which stood beneath her frame. Whether or not he was in the chair, he was most inextricably "in" the difficulties from which an early death had delivered Mr. Grayson.

Mr. and Mrs. Grayson had had a daughter, now married and as happily "out of it" as her father; but Mr. Grayson-Keener's only fellow-sufferer was a girl whom he called his niece, although in reality she was the late Mr. Grayson's niece and related by blood neither to Mr. nor to Mrs. Grayson-Keener. Her name was Lena Grayson. They had adopted her when she was a fourteen-year-old orphan, and her aunt had guided her steps with zeal through the remainder of her teens and into her early twenties, while her uncle stealthily extended to her the hand

of fellowship. She was a pretty girl, and from the first her aunt in speaking to her had always assumed that she would marry early in her twenties and relieve them of further responsibility; but when she was twenty-two, the assumption had not yet justified itself.

So matters stood one afternoon when, Mrs. Grayson-Keener having driven away on an errand to her daughter's, Lena sought her uncle in the parlor, where he had a habit of sitting for hours in the heat of the day, under the gaze of the lady on the wall. It was supposed that he read his newspaper at these times, but frequently the paper might have been found on the floor beside him, while he sat quiescent and solemn, a roving, somewhat furtive eye alone giving sign that his spirit was not undergoing some sort of an eclipse. The umbrella-trees in front of the windows shut out the warm October brightness from the room, and, even with all the doors and windows open, the old furniture gave out a faint sepulchral must. Lena secretly believed that her uncle Grayson had celebrated his release from life by coming downstairs to die in the parlor, and now, as she came in from out-of-doors, she could distinctly hear him whisper to his vis-à-vis, "Good thing we're out of it, don't you think?"

Mr. Grayson-Keener gathered up his rattling newspaper.

"Your aunt has started?" he asked.

"Yes, she's gone," the girl said, and stood a moment looking at her uncle's somewhat ponderous face and figure which fitted so drolly with the secretive expression which came to him in his meditative hours. In fact, his eyes made such a contrast with the large round blankness of his face that it was as if some unusually wily rabbit were looking out through a jack-a-lantern mask.

He got to his feet. "Then, if she has gone, I have a little packing to do. I haven't mentioned it yet, but I intend to start on a business trip to-morrow."

"Can't I help you?"

"No, no, not for the world," Mr. Grayson-Keener cried. "That is, I don't need to trouble you, my dear."

"Then listen," Lena said. "Aunt will not be back before sunset. You have no end of time, and I want to talk to you, particularly if you are going away."

He reseated himself, but only on the edge of his chair. "Be brief, my dear," he said, nervously. "Ah—her movements are uncertain. Be very brief."

"It's just this: I want to be educated," the girl said.

"Educated?" The stealthy look gave way to simple, slow-witted astonishment, and he stared at her, pursing his mouth and wrinkling his forehead.

Lena drew up her aunt's big, chintz-covered armchair and ensconced herself near him; she looked exceedingly young and fair and elusive, and no one who had not kept watchful count of her years would believe that she was twenty-two. "Yes," she said, putting her elbows on her knees and leaning forward towards him, "I want to be educated—I want to be taught some sort of a profession—some way of earning my own living, I mean."

"But," Mr. Grayson-Keener said, "it isn't necessary, and—your aunt would object, my dear."

The girl shut her lips close and thrust her chin a little bit into the air. "No," she said, "aunt wouldn't object. I've no claim on her or on you."

He frowned a little more in the effort to picture his wife as acquiescing to anything not proposed by herself. "I think she would find *some* reason to object," he concluded. "And, besides, what could you do?"

"Why, I don't know, but there must be

something," Lena declared, "and all I want just now is money enough to go off and learn how to do it. If you say I can go, I'll decide what to learn."

He ruminated a moment. "Have—have you spoken to your aunt?"

She laid one light hand on his knee. "No, Uncle George, and I don't intend to speak to her. If you'll give me the money, I'll run away."

He drew back, startled, and suddenly the wily rabbit looked again out of his eyes. "You astonish me," he said, as if he found the words bulky in his mouth.

"You wouldn't need to tell her that I'd told you, or that you had given me the money," the girl explained, to make her plan thoroughly businesslike. "Again and again people run away without any help at all, but it would be a great deal nicer if I had some money." She tried to smile persuasively into his alarmed face, but her lips quivered and her eyes filled. "Oh, Uncle George," she pleaded, "I'm so unhappy here. Please help me to get away. You're always so good to me, but aunt makes me feel that I'm not wanted—that I ought to provide for myself."

"Why—my dear," he said. He looked in a puzzled, troubled way from her wet blue eyes to the hand lying on his knee, and, after studying the hand a little while, lifted one of his own large, cushiony palms and laid it deliberately across her fingers. "That's just your aunt's way," he explained.

"But I can't stand her way," the girl declared. "I know it sounds childish to talk of running off, but you know she opposes everything we ask of her, and something's got to be done."

Suddenly his whole lugubrious face smoothed out and brightened. "Have you thought of matrimony?" he asked.

She drew back with a little sharp exclamation. "Don't, Uncle George! Aunt gives me no peace about getting married. That's why I want to go away."

"But I thought that you and Johnny Preston—"

Lena's face turned scarlet. "I've been thrown at Johnny Preston's head," she cried. "I don't know what he can think of me. Whenever he looks in my direction, aunt comes up and pats us on the back. Oh, sometimes I've felt like telling her,

'If you want so much to get rid of me, you might do it quicker by leaving me alone.' I feel like an article in a show window, marked 'Reduced to half price.' I tell you I can't stand it, Uncle George."

Mr. Grayson-Keener rubbed his forehead as if all these ideas were like a liniment and needed to be rubbed in. "Johnny Preston is coming here this afternoon," he said. "I wanted to see him on a little—ah—business, and he said there might be time afterwards to take you for a drive."

The girl jumped to her feet. Her eyes flashed. "Oh, that's aunt's work," she cried. "The last time he called she told him that I could go driving with him any time he came round. I wasn't in, but she let me know about it afterwards. What do you think of that, Uncle George—just as if I did nothing but sit here waiting for him!"

"I reckon they arranged it," Mr. Grayson-Keener said. "He certainly mentioned to me this morning that he hoped to take you out after he helped me with my affairs."

"Well, I'll not go," she said. "I'll not even see him. You can tell him that when he and my aunt arrange for a drive they can take it together—that's all."

For an instant she stood swaying in a rude wind of wrath, but before her uncle could word the protest which his rounded eyes were doing their best to convey to her, she was gone; her light skirts could be heard swishing along the hall, then the softly energetic sound died away; the room relapsed into silence and the old furniture gave out its must.

Mr. Grayson-Keener rose slowly, gathering himself together to attend to his own affairs; and the late Mr. Grayson, having a clear idea of what Mrs. Grayson-Keener's comments would be when she learned that her niece had not gone driving, seemed to glance across at the first Mrs. Keener and remark—

"Good thing we're out of it, don't you think?"

II.

Mrs. Grayson-Keener, meanwhile, had visited her daughter, Juanita de Ferriere, and was ready to start home. She was sitting in her carriage in front of the De Ferriere door; she had lifted her whip

three times and had jerked the bit three times in the hardened old mouth of her horse, Aaron, but each time she had thought of something more to say. Her daughter stood beside the carriage, shading the afternoon sunshine out of her eyes.

Mrs. Grayson-Keener lifted her whip again. "You haven't inquired about your cousin," she said.

Juanita picked a wisp of grass from the overgrown lawn, and, walking forward, offered it to Aaron. "How is Lena?" she asked.

The older woman smiled and gave her head a knowing lift. "Lena is very well," she announced, and her manner was blandly exuberant but mysterious, as if she had news which she could impart if she chose. For a moment she encompassed her daughter with unspoken prophecies, and then added, "She's out driving with Johnny Preston."

"Give her my love," Juanita said.

"Coals to Newcastle, my dear," Mrs. Grayson-Keener declared. She gathered up her reins again and rattled them over Aaron's back. The old beast cocked one eye over his lean shoulder, read her face, and shambled forward. She had given her news and really wished to go.

The road from the De Ferrieres to the village is a favorite drive in Pontomoc—wandering, shady, with glimpses of tangled old gardens—and here, in the late afternoon, one is likely to meet or to overtake one's friends. With Aaron to the fore, Mrs. Grayson-Keener overtook nobody, but she met more acquaintances than one. At the Hollingsworth gate Dabney Hollingsworth was about to drive out on her way to the village. She wore no hat and sat very upright in her little covered cart, a slender figure in white with a face which had once been dreamy, but was now somewhat remote and cold. Dabney was unmarried, and her first girlhood lay behind.

Mrs. Grayson-Keener beamed out with her most affable smile. "How do you do, Dabney, my dear?"

"How do you do?" Dabney said, and the glimmer of amusement which usually came to her lips when she met Mrs. Grayson-Keener dawned upon them.

A slight additional color rose in the older woman's flushed cheeks. "Has Lena been at your house?" she asked.

Dabney shook her head. Her gate stood open, and she would have driven through, but the other carriage blocked the way.

The florid lady took a full breath, as if expanding in her strategic position. "That's odd," she commented. "She spoke this morning of wanting to see you, and now she is driving with Johnny Preston, so I thought they'd call." She lifted her whip, Aaron made way for Dabney to pass, and then fell into a stiff jog-trot, letting the cart get too far ahead for conversation. But Mrs. Grayson-Keener smiled at the roadside. "They must have taken that long beach drive," she murmured to herself.

Her next encounter was with the latest bride in Pontomoc, Mrs. Tom Taylor, whom the neighborhood had scarcely stopped congratulating on her happy second marriage. She was driving in a carryall full of the Carruthers children—the only dower she had brought to the worthy Tom on their wedding-day. The Taylors lived far on the other side of Pontomoc, near the beach drive, and, though the carryall showed no inclination to stop, Mrs. Grayson-Keener leaned forward and smiled. It was her belief that Pontomoc marriages were less arranged in heaven than contrived by herself, and she took special pride in this marriage of the Taylors'.

"Howdy-do, Miss Peggy," she called. "I see you're giving Douglas's children an airing by daylight so to enjoy the honeymoon with Tom after sunset."

The faint glow with which reserve accepts some inevitable violation spread over Mrs. Taylor's face. "Why, really, Tom and I usually drive together with the children," she declared.

Mrs. Grayson-Keener's expression dissolved into romantic appreciation. "Of course, of course," she said. "I was only chaffing you, my dear. Don't you remember—long before you would admit that there was anything between you and Tom—that I noticed how fatherly he was with your little brood?"

Mrs. Taylor's flush deepened. "Oh, we all know that you are very wise," she answered with a note of bitterness, remembering how a certain heavy hand, thrust into her most intimate affairs, had made happiness seem impossible for a time.

Mrs. Grayson-Keener nodded. "A word to the wise," she murmured. "I told my husband that you would be able to land your fish all right after I called your attention to the way your cork was bobbing. And now I have another little affair to watch. You met somebody, didn't you, on the beach drive?"

Mrs. Taylor gathered up her reins as if she were ready to drive on. "Why, no," she said; "we didn't meet a soul."

"What!" Mrs. Grayson-Keener cried, "are you sure you didn't meet Lena and Johnny Preston?" Her face clouded and she frowned, as if, having decided that the beach drive was the place for those two, she might be obliged to hunt them up and turn their horses into it herself.

The younger woman hesitated a moment. "No," she said, finally, "we didn't meet them; but do you think it really matters? Do you think it's worth while trying to keep track?"

"To keep track!" Mrs. Grayson-Keener echoed, staring into the carryall in a way that made its younger occupants shrink into unobtrusive little lay figures—mere advertisements of children's furnishings.

"I mean that it isn't worth while noticing what young people do," Mrs. Taylor answered, with some nervous difficulty. "I think Johnny and Lena would be glad—oh, not to be watched."

Mrs. Grayson-Keener's face relaxed from its challenging severity. "I understand—I understand," she agreed. "I assure you I don't make the mistake of intruding on them. Whenever Johnny calls I take pains to leave the room, and I signal Mr. Grayson-Keener to follow me."

She lifted her whip, good-bys were exchanged, and Aaron, who had been sniffing at a myrtle bush with the blasé interest of a Roman-nosed old horse, limbered his joints slowly and jogged on.

Already another carriage was in sight, and Aaron's mistress, peering forward to make out whom it contained, saw a tall, thin, rather well-favored youth, wearing the glummiest expression in the world. His mood was evidently as black as the hair which hung in a long lock on each side of his forehead; his thin face was fairly lank with ill nature, and his keenly intelligent, somewhat aggressive blue eyes looked out through shimmering glasses

as if they were boring a hole through each lens.

Mrs. Grayson-Keener showed symptoms of surprise and displeasure, but resolutely fitted a smile upon her lips as the two vehicles approached each other. "Well, Johnny, your drive was short—but sweet, I hope," she called gayly. "I hear you didn't take the beach road."

The young man leaned forward slightly with a gaze that was used to sifting all that came before it and challenging all it did not like. Years ago Johnny Preston had gone away from Pontomoc leaving Mrs. Grayson driving about its streets, an amateur Providence, ready to take charge of any birth or death or love affair which the town afforded. He had come back to find Mrs. Grayson-Keener going the same old rounds on the same old quests; even her old horse had endured the years, and the addition to her name had merely made her bearing and her methods a little more ponderous. As for the young man, he had changed. He had gone away as "Johnny" because he was young and inexperienced, but on his return he was "Johnny" because Pontomoc was inexperienced, though old and quaint. His critical eyes had found much to challenge in the world, and now they challenged Mrs. Grayson-Keener silently.

Aaron came to a halt. "I hear you didn't take the beach road," his mistress said again.

"I did not," he answered. He lifted his hat to her, and though Aaron occupied the middle of the street, leaving barely room to pass, he went by, grazing her wheels.

A wave of color surged into her face, surmounted her high cheek-bones, and spread over her forehead. If a sword had been unsheathed in her face, she could not have been more angered and surprised by its glint of steel. She sat staring after him. His horse was taking the road at a pace so fresh as to suggest that any recent exercise of that sort had been brief.

"If she didn't go with him—" Mrs. Grayson-Keener said, and the reins rattled over Aaron's back as if they had been caught in a gale. Aaron looked over his shoulder in protest, met her eye, and broke stiffly into his best speed.

III.

Lena Grayson's old home was far up Bayou Porto—so far as to be out of the little Pontomoc world. The house stood back from the bayou in a grove of live-oaks and old fig and orange trees—the oldest of them planted by Lena's grandfather when he and Time were young. In the endless pine forest back of the little clearing, sheep had ranged, and once a year there was a round-up and the old sheep were sheared and the lambs branded. It had been a quaint, simple life; her grandfather and her father had helped to shear the sheep while she stood by, watching the poor creatures dragged bound and helpless from the huddle of the pen, listening to the relentless clipping of the great shears, and wondering why the sheep kept so still while the fleece rolled down around it, unbroken, like a mantle falling off.

"As a sheep before his shearers is dumb," her grandfather often quoted, looking up from his work and linking himself by the words to the patriarchs of Bible days.

The line came back to her now at times when she stood before her aunt and found nothing to say for herself, although the clip, clip, clip of criticism laid her bare. It came to her when her aunt returned on the day when she had not driven with Johnny Preston; for Mrs. Grayson-Keener told her how the neighborhood had its eyes upon her, and what it would think and say when it heard of her scandalous playing fast and loose, and asked if she meant to drive *all* her sweethearts away and remain a permanent burden on her relatives.

"As a sheep before his shearers is dumb," and "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is"—the one line brought back the other, both in her grandfather's voice, for he had been a devout old shepherd, his knowledge of the Good Book showing constantly in his speech.

There seemed to be very little left of her after her aunt and she had talked together, and she took what there was outdoors into the dark, only pausing an instant to glance into the parlor, where a lamp was lighted and her uncle Grayson was dimly congratulating himself upon the wall. The big dooryard was more to her mood—full of trees and rose vines

and shrubbery, all rustling faintly, and giving their odors to the sea air and the dusk. Out there, she told herself, one might partake of a dinner of herbs, unless Mrs. Grayson-Keener scented out the meal and brought forth her stalled ox.

The thought of going back to her old home on the bayou took possession of her as she wandered lonely through the garden; an old negro and his wife had been left in charge of it, and they would care for her; she could raise sheep again and be quite independent, for it would require little money to buy a dinner of herbs. And always there would be quiet round her like the quiet of this garden at night—and besides sweet odors it would have sweet memories. She would not even require to be educated if she went back up the bayou, though a little money would be convenient to buy the first sheep. She must speak to her uncle again before he went away.

She waited in the shadow of a live-oak between the house and the barn, and presently he came out to give directions to his stableman. On his return she hailed him softly. He started, for she was no more than a glimmering indistinctness under the tree.

"Uncle George," she said, coming out to him, "I have a new plan, and I want to tell you about it before you go away."

But Mr. Grayson-Keener glanced apprehensively toward the house. In the open back door of the central hall his wife stood, a notable silhouette against the radiance from within. She must have been peering into the dark, for at that instant her voice was lifted.

"George!" she called, peremptorily. "George!"

Lena caught at her uncle's hand to detain him, but he freed himself. "When I return," he whispered, "I shall have more time. I'll speak to you when I return."

He hurried towards the house and Lena shrank back under the tree. "Yes, Uncle George," she murmured, "speak to me when you return, if you find me here."

That night the moon rose late, but when its misshapen disk first showed above the pine woods, Lena Grayson stole out of her aunt's house with a package in her arms. Her home? It had never

been her home, but far away up Bayou Porto her home waited, guarding all the old peace for her. Up the bayou no one would care whether or not she married, no one would goad her into—she scarcely knew what she had been goaded into, but it was a relief to think that Johnny Preston's name would never be spoken up the bayou; she would forget him and stop accusing herself of not treating him well.

In the dim moonlight the whole world seemed to hold its breath. She walked by cross-roads and dark woods-paths to the bayou landing where her boat was kept, dropped her package into it, and cast off. The bayou trended toward the east just there, and lay silver in the moonlight-between dark shades. Her boat stole out into it timidly, as Charon's boat must have stolen on its earlier trips. She was neither brave nor independent; she was merely a homesick girl starting home.

The distance was less in miles than in years, yet to row up the bayou was a long pull for her; morning found her still in the boat, and tinted the reaches in front of her with rose. Borders of dun-colored marsh walled her in, and her boat slipped forward like the barque of an explorer entering a dream country. At last, round a curve of the shore, the old house came in sight against a red sky. Then, for the first time, she knew how glad she was to have come and how sorry—the old house looked so peaceful, but so isolate; so far from her aunt Grayson-Keener, yet so deserted, so eloquent of the destructive passage of years.

She tied her boat at the old landing-place, and started along the old path toward the house, calling the old negro,

"Gabe! Oh, Gabe!"

Like an echo, from beyond the house she heard the call repeated in a man's strong, resonant voice.

"Gabe! Oh, Gabe!"

There was a rattle of wheels and a jingle of harness. A well-groomed team and a light wagon swept into view along the road which formed the inland approach to the house, and in the wagon—most bewildering and unexpected of visions—sat Mr. Grayson-Keener and a long, aggressive-looking young man in glasses.

Between surprise and anger Lena's first impulse was to run back to the boat, but as surprise vanished anger held her where

she was, and its flame burned her cheeks. Her aunt had missed her, that was the only explanation, and had sent her uncle to search for her; he had routed out Johnny Preston to bear him company, and Johnny Preston—ah, that was where the flame burned most bright—Johnny Preston had come to help do policeman duty and take her home against her will. She was too angry to notice that they were as astonished as she. Her uncle's mouth and eyes were large round O's such as children are taught to watch for in print, and Johnny Preston, whose shining glasses had so challenged her aunt, was staring at her as if she had risen by some happy miracle out of the earth.

"My dear!" Mr. Grayson-Keener called, "my dear!"

She lifted her head a little, and the full light of her displeasure blazed at them from her blue, childish eyes. "What are you doing here, Uncle George?" she demanded. "You said you were going to New Orleans."

Mr. Grayson-Keener took his hat from his head and held it in his two hands as if he were asking for contributions of sympathy, but instead of speaking he turned his round eyes slowly and appealingly to the young man at his side.

"What are *you* doing here is the question, I should say," Johnny Preston hazarded.

The girl looked at him a moment with such scorn that a less well-seasoned man might have withered, but as he only seemed pleased, she turned to her uncle.

"You said you were going to take the coast train this morning," she reminded him. "You said you couldn't talk to me till your return, so I didn't wait for you. I came away in the night, and I intend to live here in my own old home—I intend to live here in peace."

"But that's what I came here to do," Mr. Grayson-Keener said blankly.

The girl stared at him, and he grew very red under her eyes. As for her, anger in its turn gave way to bewilderment.

"You want to live here?" she asked. "You want to leave my aunt Grayson-Keener?"

Depth after depth of color dyed even his bald forehead. "Not permanently," he stammered. "Without my wife, I—

the most remarkable years of my life have been passed with Mrs. Grayson-Keener. Yet a little rest and change, a little retreat out of the reach of letters and telegrams—"

"And you made her think you were going to take the train this morning?" Lena asked, amazed.

"I said nothing about trains; I said 'start'—start in the morning," her uncle declared. "Johnny advised me," he added, "and Johnny met me at the station, at coast-train time, after our carriage had left me there."

"Oh, you poor dear," the girl said—"you poor dear!"

Mr. Grayson-Keener gathered spirit from her tone. "But it's not the same thing for you to come here as for me," he declared, and turned again to Johnny Preston. "Don't you think she'll have to go home?" he asked. "Mrs. Grayson-Keener would never consent to—ah—such an arrangement as this."

"But we haven't asked her to," Lena cried. "That's just why we're here—because we haven't asked."

Her uncle took a fresh grip of his hat. The vision of peace shared by a companion in petticoats did not allure him. He appealed once more to the young man at his side. "You reason with her," he suggested.

All the while Johnny Preston had been looking at her, as if, granted an opportunity, there were many things which he could say to her—though perhaps not strictly in the line of argument. Now he jumped down from the wagon and took two steps to her side. She flashed him one indignant glance and let her eyes fall. He could see that she was breathing fast; her arms hung straight at her sides and her hands were knotted into fists.

It was an awkward moment to choose for an avowal of affection, but this young man was used to forcing wrong things to right themselves. He stood quite close to her and spoke low. "There's just one way out of this," he said. "You can't stay here with your uncle, and you shall not go back to your aunt. You must come to Pontomoc and marry me."

Perhaps he had not taken time to think just how her mood would transform itself into acquiescence. Certainly he was not prepared for the look she gave

him as she lifted her face toward his. It was the look of a girl stung to the quick, resentful, bitter to the point of recklessness.

"You can marry the next girl that is offered to you, but not me," she said, harshly—"not even though I appreciate the kindness, the great compassion, you show in asking me." She paused an instant, and words piled up behind the barrier of her close-drawn lips until they broke their way through and poured out upon him. "You are a good man, I suppose," she cried—"a good, kind man, or you wouldn't offer to marry me just because I'm unhappy with my aunt. But, kind as you are, you think that I've been a party to offering myself to you; you think, because I have no home, I've been glad to have my aunt throw me across your path at every turn; you think, when I've tried to avoid you, it has been to pique your interest and so make surer of you than my aunt could alone. And now, when you find me here, when you find that I've run away from her and from you, to live by myself in peace, you think I'm only playing another card, and you dare to pity me because you think I am young and have been driven to it by my aunt."

The young man took a deep breath and looked straight into her eyes, but, before he could speak, her glance evaded him; her bosom rose and fell with tearless sobs, for pity was all that her mood could read in his face.

"As long as I live," she said in a strained voice, "I shall remember how you have insulted me to-day."

Mr. Grayson-Keener had quietly clambered out of the wagon and was skirting the little group of two. He had not come up Bayou Porto to assist in scenes of any kind, but instead of making a straightforward retreat, he edged along with his eyes on his niece as if in fear of pursuit. She was utterly oblivious of him, and so was Johnny Preston. He paused an instant, gazing at them and mopping his forehead with a large stiff handkerchief, and then, convinced that he was quite unobserved, he turned, made a ponderous dash towards the old house, and disappeared behind one of its creaking doors.

The young people paid no heed. Johnny Preston broke the silence. "Ah, you go

a little too far," he said, with an effect of speaking between set teeth. "For months, because I've seen how your aunt annoyed you, I've denied myself the privilege of saying what I felt or showing it to you in any way. I held your dignity so high that when your aunt forced opportunities upon me I let them pass and waited for some sign from you. And to-day, when I saw that I had been a fool and had let you be hounded to extremity, you tell me that I insult you."

They stood wordless for a moment, the girl with her face turned away and her breath fluttering, the young man staring at her almost fiercely, with eyes that searched her fair cheek and the wind-blown coils of her soft hair, without enlightenment.

He stepped closer to her. "You must take that back," he said, with a thrill of passion in his voice. "Tell me you hate me, tell me I'm a fool to dream you might care for me, laugh at me, and throw me down, as I suppose you think you have a right, but take back that I've insulted you. That's one thing I'll not bear. Look at me and take it back."

A shiver passed over her, and she lifted her eyes slowly to his. Defiant pride looked out of her face to meet rough command, to retract, but to yield no more than the one offensive word. Her lips paled and quivered. She moved them but could not speak. The anger in his face pierced her; she drew her hands suddenly against her bosom, and all her defiance was drowned in a welling up of tears. At the same instant his face changed and he gathered her close to him. All the tenderness of a nature that shows its harsh side to the world encompassed her, and she felt herself in the place that was hers by right. Perhaps he had much to say to her. She heard his low tones, but afterwards all that she could remember was some inner voice which said over and over, "Where love is," "Where love is," in her heart.

The door of the old house opened slightly, and the wily rabbit that sometimes looked out through Mr. Grayson-Keener's face made a reconnaissance. Noting that the situation had solved itself, he gave a sigh of satisfaction and ventured to swing the door noisily wide. The young people, startled, looked round and

saw him standing by the side wall of the house, looking up at the eaves. Presently he glanced round and came out to them.

"When I am away on—ah—business," he said, with ponderous embarrassment, "all communications are to be addressed to me at the Pickwick Club, New Orleans. Mrs. Grayson-Keener understands this, and I hope that neither of you will—ah—" he faltered and turned red.

At first they stared at him. They had traveled so far in the last few moments that already the memory of bondage in the house of Grayson-Keener lay behind. But as the meaning and pathos of his appeal came home to them, Lena ran and threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, you poor dear," she cried, realizing that, with a few brief, surreptitious intermissions, his sentence was for life—"you poor dear!"

Johnny Preston hovered near them; his glasses shimmered protectingly, and

he slapped Mr. Grayson-Keener on the back.

"Rest easy," he said; but, as they turned away toward the wagon, he paused a moment. The sun had risen high enough to glisten on the waist-high seedling pines that had usurped the lawn, and behind them, near the house, Mr. Grayson-Keener stood gazing vaguely round on his hiding-place, as if in this superfluity of elbow-room and peace he scarcely felt at home. His eyes ranged higher and higher, until they rested with an expression of loneliness on the unbroken wall of woods beyond the house.

"I believe he misses the parlor and the portraits," Lena whispered, as they drove away.

Johnny Preston guided his team briskly through the open gate.

"How long do you suppose it will be," he asked, "before old Aaron noses him out?"

Professor Pearson's "The Carpenter Prophet"

THE notice which the daily press took of the withdrawal of Professor Pearson last winter from his chair at the Northwestern University, and from membership in the Methodist Church, created an extraordinary demand for his book. The spirit of the humanist and the scholar is conspicuous in it, but the interest attaching to it is mainly personal. Ably written as it is, it advances nothing beyond what has been often said by Unitarian writers in books which have not attracted public attention as has this volume.

Professor Pearson's specialty, we believe, is in English literature. That it is not in theology his pages bear evidence. He combats "the fiction of an omnipotent God incarnate" and is fully conscious of Deity, but does not seem aware that the current of orthodox opinion to-day, adopting from St. Paul the idea of the *Kenosis*, or self-limiting of Deity in the incarnation, runs in the opposite direction. In criticising the doctrine of the Return, or Second Advent of Christ, and the end of the world, the modifications of traditional

beliefs that have been promoted by many orthodox scholars are also overlooked. That the expectation entertained by the Apostles of a spectacular and catastrophic advent was disappointed shows, according to Professor Pearson, that Jesus mistakenly predicted it. That the Apostles misunderstood him is at least quite as probable; and Professor Charles, with other exegetes, has made it probable that apocalyptic predictions of catastrophe have been added in the Gospel narrative to the words of Jesus.

"The argument of this book," says Professor Pearson, "is that all the superhuman powers attributed to Jesus, whether by the enthusiasm of disciples, by the imagination of poets, or by the self-interest of priests, are untrue; and if they are untrue, it follows, as a matter of course, that they are hurtful." But mythology is in the same sense "untrue," and Professor Pearson refers to "Christian mythology." If he had noted the distinction between the *untrue* and the *unhistorical*, he might have felt it unnecessary to protest against the hurtfulness of what he classes as mythology. Mythology is in itself innocuous, though a bad use may

¹ *The Carpenter Prophet*. By Charles William Pearson. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

be made of it. In such a case the abuse, not the mythology, requires protest.

Passing by Professor Pearson's discussion of miracles, whether they be mythological or not, one does not find in the recent works of representative orthodox scholars, with an exception here and there, any tendency to overvalue them. In fact, instead of arguing from miracle to the Deity of Christ, the late Professor Bruce in a well-known work argued in the reverse direction: "the moral miracle" of Jesus' sinlessness is made to serve for evidence that physical miracles might be expected of one so unique. And ex-President Bascom writes: "If every miracle recorded in the Scriptures were omitted, their luster would not be lost, and would be of a more purely spiritual character."¹ The Methodist "preachers" whom Professor Pearson seems to refer to, who fear that Jesus' teachings will be invalidated unless his miracles are substantiated, are likely, if they also lack acquaintance with this recent tendency of orthodox apologetics, to be stiffened in a false position by Professor Pearson's destructive criticism.

One at all familiar with recent theistic works, as Professor Pearson evidently is not, will at once recognize his book as representing a stage in theological discussion beyond which theists have passed or are passing. The sharp division which he makes between the divine and the human recalls a mode once current, but now obsolescent, of referring to Jesus as "a mere man," a phrase he does not use,

though his argument suggests it. Seemingly a Unitarian, he has no room for any idea of a divine incarnation. But the late Dr. A. P. Peabody, a representative Unitarian, affirmed that Unitarians hold the incarnation to be the central truth—though not in a miraculous way, or limited to a single member of the human race. The identity of moral nature in God and man, the unity of all life in its finite stream with life in its Infinite Fount, the immanence of the life of God in the life of the world, and of the Spirit of God in humanity—fundamental positions of modern theism—have quite superseded the old dilemma which Professor Pearson argues: either Jesus was omnipotent God incarnate, or he was nothing but man, though the greatest of men.

Although Professor Pearson reaches conclusions that are certainly destructive and therefore seem to be radical, his insistence on a sharp distinction between the natural and the supernatural shows that his theology is in spirit essentially traditional. His work is an illustration of the result to which the literalist and traditionalist comes when he accepts the conclusions of science without abandoning his traditionalism and literalism.

But while Professor Pearson's limitations are painfully apparent, his sincerity of purpose is indisputable, and he vigorously exalts the claim of Jesus to the spiritual leadership of the world. This, after all, is the main thing to press, while one is trying with more or less light to think through the problems of theology.

¹"The Bibliotheca Sacra," April, 1902.

Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist¹

IT is a piece of good fortune for American scholarship and for American lovers of Shakespeare that Professor Lounsbury has entered the field of Shakespearean writing and proposes to make a substantial contribution to the literature of Shakespearean scholarship under the general subject of "Shakespearean Wars." It is his purpose to give a history of the English attitude towards Shakespeare in

a series of volumes dealing with the linguistic and literary quarrels which have been contemporaneous with all efforts to establish the text of the plays, and at the same time to tell the history of the changes of opinion touching Shakespeare down to the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The first volume in this series, "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist," deals not only with a group of controversies as radical and as bitter as any which have raged about Shakespeare, but with some of the chief characteristics of his work as

¹*Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist, with an Account of his Reputation at Various Periods.* (Shakespearean Wars Series.) By Thomas R. Lounsbury, L.H.D., L.L.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

a dramatist. Three chapters are devoted to an extremely interesting and entirely intelligible discussion of the dramatic unities—the unities of time, place, and action—the acceptance or the rejection of which has very largely determined the attitude of the great dramatists towards their art and their literary methods. Professor Lounsbury traces the practice of the dramatists from the time of the Greek theater to the eighteenth century; but the discussion centers about Shakespeare's dealing with these traditions of dramatic composition. The whole matter, often very involved and to the general reader obscure, is presented with lucidity and with a fullness of explanation which colors the whole subject and brings out the vital as well as the purely technical significance of the unities, the reason for their adoption by the Greek dramatists, the reason why they were rejected by Shakespeare, the radical elements introduced into the drama, and the immense prominence attached to the motive of love since the days of Shakespeare in contrast with the very slight importance attached to it by the classical dramatists. It is doubtful whether anywhere else the general reader can so thoroughly put himself in possession of the real meaning of this long and bitter controversy as by the reading of these pages. Perhaps the first really penetrating glance into the heart of the subject was made by Lessing; but Professor Lounsbury follows the discussion on both sides, from its inception in the hands of Shakespeare's con-

temporaries to the end of the eighteenth century, and tells the story not only with great clearness and fullness, but with touches of humor and irony which make the discussion very easy reading.

He brings out very clearly also the radical change from the old drama which was introduced by the intermingling of the comic and the tragic. He discusses at length the superabundance of incidents and scenes of bloodshed and violence in the Shakespearean drama, contrasts the practice in this respect of the English dramatists with the French, and sums the discussion up briefly, but with admirable judgment. He discusses the minor dramatic conventions, such as the use in prose and verse of more than one kind of meter; he follows the late seventeenth-century controversies, gives some account of the alterations of the plays, presents in detail the conflicting views about Shakespeare in the eighteenth century, and happily mingles the historical and critical in a concluding chapter on "Shakespeare as Dramatist and Moralist." This work is a contribution of high importance to Shakespearean scholarship, but it is written in so easy and unconventional a style that it entirely escapes the reproach of dullness. Scholars must forgive its occasional lightness of tone, its tendency to joke with very serious literary things, because it is quite as accurate as if it had been stupid, and it is far easier to read. The chief criticism to be made on the book is its diffuseness of style. It might have been condensed at points to great advantage.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Adventures of Marco Polo (The). Edited by Edward Atherton. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 163 pages. 65c.

Anthology of Victorian Poetry (An). Edited by the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I., F.R.S. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 570 pages. \$2.50, net.

Anthologies may be collated upon either of two principles: the one bases its choice of poems upon what the author believes to be the consensus of general critical or popular opinion; in the second he follows only his own taste and liking. The present collection is avowedly made on the latter plan. This gives

the special interest (provided the compiler's taste and appreciation are good, as they certainly seem to be here) that most readers will find themselves introduced to some charming poems heretofore unknown. This is naturally more evident in the part of the anthology devoted to recent writers, but among the earlier poets (the author includes all poets who lived into the Victorian era) there are several names not generally familiar. At the other end of the era the selections are late enough to include William Watson, Stephen Phillips, Moira O'Neill, W. B. Yeats, Rudyard Kip-

ling, and others of the younger poets. Inevitably every poetry-lover will find what to him are faults both of omission and inclusion, but all will admit that, taken as a whole, the book is interesting and valuable.

Balliol College. By H. W. Carless Davis, M.A. (College Histories, Oxford.) Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 237 pages. \$2, net.

As here told, the history of Balliol College, Oxford, is an interesting one in the development of English education from its foundation by John of Balliol, through Pre-Reformation, Reformation, Civil War, Commonwealth, Eighteenth Century, and Modern Times. More interesting still, however, are the slight glimpses afforded of the masters of Balliol from Wyclif to Jowett.

Castle Cranecrow. By George Barr McCutcheon, Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 391 pages.

Mr. McCutcheon's "Granstark" obtained an enviable place among the large-selling romances of last year. The present tale has vivacity of manner and an exciting plot, but unfortunately when the chief incident is reached the reader feels that the author has crossed the line that divides the entertainingly improbable from the positively preposterous, and ceases being thrilled. The story tells of the love of a brave and energetic young American for a girl who is about to marry a villainous Italian prince, and of her rescue despite herself.

Charles Eliot, Landscape Architect. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 6×9 in. 770 pages. \$3.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Death of Sir Launcelot, and Other Poems (The). By Condé Benoist Pallen. The Small, Maynard Co., Boston. 4¼×7½ in. 124 pages.

A small book of very uneven verse—a mingling of lines that halt with lines that run and lines that glide, of cruelly overworked phrases with passages of real vigor and freshness, of buncombe with mediæval but genuine piety, of display with originality and strong poetic feeling. It is interesting to find the poet greatly excited by President Cleveland's Venezuelan message and shouting to America to arise and arrest "from fell England's hand Freedom's sacred right," and later vastly perturbed because in the "war for the liberation of Cuba" that same America turned 'gainst Freedom "her own ensanguined steel!" The volume contains the poem that fills the title rôle, an answer in the Fitzgerald stanza to the Rubáiyát, and an ode for Georgetown University, besides sonnets and other verses. On the whole, the verse is dignified. The volume is tastefully printed and bound.

Directory of the Board of Education of the City of New York, 1902. Office of the Board of Education of the City of New York, Park Avenue and Fifty-ninth St., New York. 4×6¼ in. 111 pages.

Errand Boy of Andrew Jackson (The): A War Story of 1814. By W. O. Stoddard. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 327 pages. \$1, net.

The author gives evidence of having looked closely into the war episodes of the year 1814,

and especially has he surveyed the ground of Jackson's exploits in and around New Orleans. The character and motives of the famous "Lafitte of the Gulf" in casting in his fortunes with the United States instead of Great Britain are plausibly pictured. The adventures, because of their picturesque character, are likely to make a strong appeal to the average boy heart.

Farmer Kilroy on "Ivilooshin." By Kilroy Banks. The Meng Publishing Co., Chicago. 6×10 in. 48 pages. 25c.

Feudal Régime (The). By Charles Seignobos. Translation edited by Earle W. Dow. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 6×9½ in. 70 pages. 50c.

This succinct and authoritative account of the feudal régime forms the first chapter of the second volume of that impressive "Histoire Générale du Quatrième Siècle à nos Jours," which M. M. Lavis and Rambeau are now editing. Students of European history from the tenth to the twelfth century will find M. Seignobos's account suggestive, and indeed indispensable. The translation seems well done.

Forestry in Minnesota. By Samuel B. Green. Illustrated. Published by the Geological and Natural History Survey of Minnesota. Pioneer Press Co., St. Paul, Minn. 5×7¼ in. 401 pages. 25c.

Harold's Discussions.—V. By John W. Troeger, A.M., B.S., and Edna Beatrice Troeger. Illustrated. (Nature-Study Readers.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 298 pages. 60c.

History of the Nineteenth Century Year by Year (A). By Edwin Emerson, Jr. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. In 3 vols. \$3.60, net.

A graphic account of the events of the century just ended. The order of presentation—chronological instead of logical—has lent itself surprisingly well to vividness of narrative, and the reader follows the events of succeeding years with the same kind of interest that he follows the events of succeeding weeks in current newspapers. The whole civilized world is always within the author's survey. But America is always his point of view. For a longer and more critical estimate of the work the reader is referred to our issue of February 15.

Immigration of the Irish Quakers into Pennsylvania, 1682-1750. By Albert Cook Myers, M.L. Illustrated. Published by the Author, Swarthmore, Penn. 6½×10 in. 477 pages. \$3.55, net. (Postage, 35c.) Quaker Arrivals in Philadelphia, 1682-1750. Ferris & Leach, Philadelphia.

The smaller of these two volumes—the "Quaker Arrivals"—is merely a list of certificates of removal received at the Philadelphia monthly meeting of Friends, and may be dismissed with St. Paul's words: "Endless genealogies . . . unprofitable and vain." The larger of the two volumes, however—the "Immigration of the Irish Quakers"—is a valuable contribution not only to the early history of the Friends but also to the early history of our country. The author has made a very thorough and intimate study of the records of the lives of the first Irish Quaker colonists—the records preserved in Ireland as well as those preserved in Pennsylvania—and has told their story well. The introductory chapter upon the spread of Quakerism among

the Protestant soldier colonists sent from England to complete the subjugation of Ireland is a remarkable record of the hold which the doctrine of non-resistance can obtain upon the consciences of warlike men, and one of the later chapters upon "The Social Life of the Irish Friends" is as full of illumination regarding every-day life in colonial times as anything which has appeared since Miss Shilton's "Salt-Box House." The admirable cuts with which the volume is illustrated add sensibly to its charm, and even the long appendix devoted to genealogical records will not be critically regarded by those who sympathize at all with the author's half-worldly pride in the unworldliness of the men and women from whom he and his people have sprung.

Indian Fables. Collected and Edited by P. V. Ramaswami Raju, B.A., M.R.A.S., F.R.H.S. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 129 pages. \$1.50.

We are glad to have these specimens of the Oriental fable, for they not only show the fertility of the Far East in this form of popular wisdom, but also that common sense, shrewdly expressed, is much the same the world over.

Jesus the Jew, and Other Addresses. By Harris Weinstock. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5x8 in. 229 pages. \$1, net.

This is not a life of Christ, as the title might easily lead many people to think, but a series of addresses recently delivered at Stanford University on various topics of Judaism and Christianity from the point of view of the liberal Jewish mind. It is well worth reading as a provoker of thought, as a sign of the times, and as an example of the possibility of doing away with prejudices without doing away with convictions. The author believes that Jesus had no intention of extending his following beyond the limits of the Jewish race; Paul he calls the real founder of Christianity; the contributions of Greece and Rome to the current of Christian thought and life he counts as impurities in the stream; and yet he has the liberality to say that without Paul and the Gentile fathers the teachings of Jesus would never have gone beyond the Jewish race, and that "the God of Israel would still have been the God of a handful, the God of a petty, obscure, and insignificant tribe," and that the mission of the Jew (that which he believes to be the real Messianic achievement) would not be now in the process of fulfillment. It is this recognition that the Christian has fallen heir to the work for which the Jews were an elect people that is perhaps the most significant element in the book. Though it is, we are convinced, defective in its interpretation of some of Christ's teachings, though also it is rather too frequently hortatory in style, this book would justify a wide attention from both Jews and Christians, and in many respects would be of peculiar helpfulness to some who have no conscious religious faith.

Little Citizen (The). By M. E. Waller. Illustrated. Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5x7½ in. 324 pages. \$1, net.

Showing the life and growth into a worthy citizen of a little crippled newsboy waif, who

was sent from a hospital into a farmer's home in Vermont by a New York charity organization. The story has the elements of human feeling likely to appeal to many juvenile readers.

Modern Corporation (The): An Elementary Treatise on Corporations. By Thomas Conyngton. The Ronald Press, 170 Broadway, New York. 4¼x6¼ in. 88 pages. 50c. (Postage, 4c.)

Municipal Year-Book for 1902 (The). Edited by M. N. Baker, Ph.B., C.E. (First Issue) The Engineering News Publishing Co., New York. 6x9 in. 310 pages. \$3.

This volume embodies the results of a most comprehensive investigation of the extent to which American cities have established the public ownership of various public utilities, and to what extent they are served by private companies. Every city and town in the country having more than three thousand people is included in the survey, and returns were secured from all but five or six of them. Of the 1,524 places reported only about fifty were without water-works, electric lights and telephones, though about five hundred were without gas-works, without trolleys, and without sanitary sewers. More than half the water-works are owned by the public, about one-eighth of the electric lighting plants, nearly a score of the gas plants, but only one street railroad—at Grand Junction, Colorado—and no telephone service. The sewerage systems, however—from which little revenue is or could be secured if the needs of public health are considered—is nearly always owned by the public. As regards all the other utilities—with the possible exception of water—the volume shows that municipal ownership has not been developed nearly so far in this country as the English "Municipal Year-Book" shows it to have been in Great Britain, but the editor observes that, despite the recent "lull in the stormy agitation for municipal ownership, the movement has nevertheless been steadily gaining in volume and strength." Besides the elaborate inquiry into the matter just considered, the volume contains a complete directory of the public officials in all the municipalities reported upon, and also a directory of the private companies holding municipal franchises. There is, furthermore, much information respecting the manner in which the different towns collect and dispose of garbage, clean their streets, etc., etc. The volume is the first of the sort to be published in this country, and we trust that it will receive such a welcome as will insure yearly revision, and such an enlargement of its scope as to include the financial statistics of the different municipalities, with detailed figures as to rates charged, the receipts and the expenditures of the bureaus managing the various public services. The arrangement of the returns in the present volume is admirable, the alphabetical report being supplemented by compact tables in which the cities are classified by population.

New York the Metropolis. The Book of its Merchants' Association and of Co-operating Public Bodies. By George W. Engelhardt. Illustrated. The George W. Engelhardt Co., New York. 14½x11½ in. 283 pages.

While this magnificent folio in full morocco

binding is devoted almost wholly to setting forth the business interests of New York City, it contains much information of a varied nature, not heretofore, we believe, brought together within the limits of a single volume. Mr. Englehardt's book first describes the various boroughs of the metropolis, the body politic, educational and other social movements; it then proceeds to the main matter in hand—the commerce of the city. The distinctly business sections are those on railway and water transportation, dockage and ship-building, real estate and house-building, the Wall Street district, insurance, and other financial interests; and, in particular, the peculiar advancement and advantages of the metropolis in certain distinct branches of trade, among others coal, lumber, lime, cement, building materials, wool, oils, paper, printing, pianos, metals, tools, electrical appliances, flour, coffee, tobacco, sugar, dairy products, general groceries, and the many departments represented by the title "dry goods." The value of the text is doubled by the twelve hundred illustrations which interestingly and graphically depict the distinctive aspects of the metropolis, together with many even more interesting portraits. We can readily believe that this volume is the most comprehensive of its kind ever published in any city. Certainly as an example of book-making it leaves little to be desired; printer, engraver, and binder have evidently worked well together in its manufacture and embellishment.

Perfecting the Earth: A Piece of Possible History. By C. W. Woolridge, B.S., M.D. The Utopia Publishing Co., Cleveland, O. 6x9 in. 326 pages.

The description of a Utopia in Utah, a gospel of salvation by communism. Appropriately to the locality, the supposed community (date 1947) does away with secluded home life—though it is only fair to add by other means than polygamy. Religion, of course, "is as extinct and as fossil as the pterodactyl." The scheme is imaginary rather than imaginative. We do not see the connection between the author's intention of "perfecting the earth" and his insertion of his own portrait as a frontispiece.

Six American Authors: Edward Everett Hale, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, William Dean Howells, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Mark Twain, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Plate Proofs of Pastels Drawn from Life by Alfred Houghton Clark. In a Portfolio. The Outlook Co., New York. 9x12 in. \$1.

Social Work—Twelve Monographs. Published by The Lincoln House, Boston. 4½x7 in. Paper bound. 10c. a copy, or 75c. for the set.

Lincoln House is supplementing its practical work in Boston by publishing a series of compact monographs explaining in a very practical way the methods by which such work may be made successful wherever there is the spirit to carry it on. The first six monographs now before us cover the subjects of "Games and Play," "Camps for Boys," "School-Yard Playgrounds and Summer Play-Rooms," "Vacation Schools," "The Lincoln House Play-Work System," and "Boys' Clubs." These little pamphlets are not rhapsodies upon the importance of their

varied lines of social work, but compact accounts of how and at what cost and with what tools, apparatus, or equipment of workers they have been undertaken with the best results. We would call particular attention to pamphlet five, describing "The Lincoln House Play-Work System." It is written by Mr. William A. Clark, the editor of the present series, and describes how the elaborate system of handicraft at Lincoln House grew out of very simple beginnings nine years ago. The early failures and disappointments are quite as instructive as the final success. Until the children were set to do things that seemed interesting or important to them the classes languished, but when the instructors began to use present interests to develop further interests there came life and growth to the work. At present most of the classes have a long waiting list of boys and girls wishing to enter, and the system which has taken root is as symmetrical from an educational standpoint as the one which it was found impossible to plant.

Story of the Prairies (The). By Daniel E. Willard, A.M. Illustrated. Rand, McNally & Co., New York. 6x9¼ in. 256 pages. \$1.75. (Postage, 15c.)

This book by Mr. Willard is interesting, not only to citizens of North Dakota, but to Americans in general. It is a notable volume by reason of its instruction in physical geography; in its illustrations of river systems, hills, plateaus, lakes, and marshes. In the department of geology, Mr. Willard well establishes the meaning of the words "landscape geology;" and his information concerning "The Beginnings of a Landscape" should be widely read. The history of the work of ice and rock in North Dakota may not be so striking as that in Norway, for instance, but it is more impressive to most of us because it is nearer home; in this connection the author devotes two chapters to the "Glacial Lake Agassiz." To those interested in the agriculture and commerce of to-day the chapters on lands, coal-beds, water-supply, and other resources of North Dakota will prove of greatest interest. The work as a whole is a suggestion of what should be in book form concerning every State.

Way of a Man (The). By Morley Roberts. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4¾x7¼ in. 311 pages. \$1.

A sprightly story, amusing enough for an hour or two's entertainment, but not one of any real value as fiction, or likely to be long remembered. The heroine, after driving her lover from England to South America that he may become a soldier and hero, follows him, gets into the hands of the general against whom he is fighting, falls in love with this heroic general, and leaves the now heroic lover forlorn. There are some strenuous fighting scenes. We wish Mr. Roberts would not make all his Americans, especially those in New York, say "we air" and "well, I do admire."

Whittaker's Popular Mannikin. Edited by W. S. Furneaux. Thomas Whittaker, New York. \$1.50, net.

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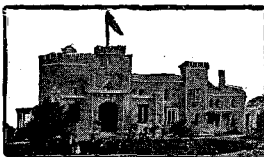
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